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*WE are not informed, at this writing, whether smiles in Chicago are news just now or whether Miss Banky, the movie actress, is so rarely pleasant that a genuine smile on her features is an extraordinary occurrence. But, in either event, she smiled the other day in the city of Chicago. And the telephone wires carried the smile instantly to New York—and a picture of it was flashed on the screen in the Embassy Theater, some nine hours later.*

*ONLY two hours, however, were required to receive the impressions for the ten feet of film. And this was ten times faster than a mail train could have delivered the originals, and five times faster than even Lindbergh could have brought them by plane. So that a new triumph for science has been recorded—and another shudder is almost visible on the backs of people who still sigh for the "good old days." For the telephotograph method of sending motion pictures will be used chiefly to relay news reels of important events. And the day is probably not far away when the happenings of the world will flash on distant screens almost as soon as the event takes place.*

*INDEED, it doesn't take much imagination to conceive of a day when newspapers, as we know them, will have completely disappeared. In their stead will be a picture frame by the telephone on which will flicker the news of the world, photographed as it happened, by news gatherers on every continent, digested and interpreted at stated intervals by editorial services which will use the printed word only for ideas, opinions, and explanations, and will compress the pictorial events of the day into the news reel of the evening.*

*WILL this be a good thing, or a bad thing? Frankly, we don't know. It may be that the more complicated existence becomes, and the harder all its complications are fired at us—radio, telephone, telegraph, news reel—the more confused humanity will grow, until progress becomes a whirling dance of death. But we should venture the opinion that if everybody in the world sees the next World War at first hand in the picture frame by the telephone, we might—for one thing—get around to ending wars. And from that standpoint, every step toward helping humanity to see things as they are, and quickly, is that much gained—even though today it only happens to be Miss Banky's smile.*

Francis Rufus Bellamy



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Courtesy of the Valentine Gallery

Photograph by Peter A. Juley & Sons

**"CAROLINA"**

**By Joseph Stella**

*A turn toward the purely decorative in painting is one of the natural forms of contemporary revolt against the illustrative easel pictures of the past century. Joseph Stella's work, with its vivid poster coloring, formal intricacy of line, and flat use of paint is a good example of this.*

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# The Outlook

April 18, 1928

# The World This Week

### *Baseball Looms*

BASEBALL opens with the world's champion Yankees again favored in the American League, despite the very poor training season they have gone through. Some years ago the Yankees, perhaps the most colorful aggregation of players in baseball's modern history, had just such another training season when they lost everything they played. That year the touring experts announced to the skies that the Yanks were through and were in for the worst sort of a trimming. It will be remembered that the Yanks won by a wide margin that year. This time the experts are more cautious.

In the National League there is real interest in the strengthening of the Boston team. Rogers Hornsby, the famous second baseman, went to the Braves in the sensational deal of midwinter, and since then they have acquired other good men.

Since the famous 1914 "Miracle Team," which from last place in July came through to win the pennant and defeat the famous old Athletics in four straight World's Series games, the Braves have not had much in the way of success. Like the Braves, the Boston American League team has been a steady tail-ender. Scenting a possible end of the drought, Boston has found more baseball interest this spring than at any time since the war.

### *This "Sterile" Age*

GEORGE MOORE wrote his first and only play, "The Making of an Immortal," after his seventieth year; it continues the "Who wrote Shakespeare's plays?" controversy. Mr. Moore is a Baconian, and the drama shows Bacon thrusting the authorship of great works on a humble and unwilling actor named Shakespeare.

In his seventy-sixth year the play was produced in London and, so despatches say, unanimously acclaimed by the critics. But did this engender a mellow state of mind in the author? Not precisely.

Having disposed of Shakespeare, Mr. Moore proceeded to do the same thing to his contemporaries, living and dead.

"I absolutely refuse to speak about my living contemporaries," he told interviewers, "because there is not one worth talking about. In my opinion, this generation is the most sterile of any there has been in the way of literature. There is not one outstanding genius.

"Conrad's work will be dead in a year. Any one could write the stuff he wrote about barges floating in a green-blue haze.

"Thomas Hardy couldn't write two lines of correct English together, and, instead of being considered a master of English country life, he should have been considered more like a country schoolmaster. Besides, as is evident in Tess, he had no knowledge of human nature."

Mr. Moore delivered these remarks from a nursing home where he rests after an illness, in his own words, "a weak old man, barely able to stand."

### *A Front-Room Nomination, Then?*

PERHAPS it was a disturbing recollection of a certain midnight conference just preceding the Republican nomination at Chicago in 1920 which prompted a woman member of the party to approach an official of the Republican National Committee, on duty at Kansas City recently, and to whisper in some agitation:

"What we women are worrying about is that the men will get into a smoky back room and nominate a President."

The official, James C. White, assistant to William M. Butler, Chairman of the National Committee, was quick with a soothing answer:

"Rest assured, it won't be done," he said. "The Committee has assigned all delegates to front rooms."

### *It Was April Fool's Day*

WE seem to be having a spring epidemic of newspaper toads. The alleged thirty-one-year-old horned "toad" which recently made a corner-stone in Eastland, Texas, famous has already been nearly forgotten by a fickle public and the warfare of science with sciosophy has quickly shifted to Frederick, Oklahoma, where, we think, a certain practical joker who manufactures evidence of ancient toads is snickering with his cronies. In France the recent Glozel finds divided a whole nation into two bickering camps, the Glozelians and the anti-Glozelians. Should we Americans not take thought before similarly dissipating our energies on the eve of a political campaign by splitting wide open on the alleged high antiquity of one toad and one pseudo-toad?

Now that the local newspaper reporters have, according to their own lights, rendered full scientific decision on the famous corner-stone "toad," Professor Willis G. Hewatt, of Texas Christian University, has handed in to "Science," the official organ of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a laconic report revealing that the creature in question "appeared to be a perfectly normal specimen which had undergone winter hibernation." Thus romance departs where science enters. Scientists have been put to torture for a less offense against a community.

But now comes the new toad, alleged to have been found, at Frederick, in a



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ball of dense, hardened red clay and gravel. It was sent to a scientist in Denver, who immediately pronounced it 750,000 years old, still alive, and doing quite nicely, thank you. When it was forwarded, however, to the National Museum at Washington, other scientists reduced its antiquity by some 749,998 years, regarding it only as the common or garden variety of toad incased in a mud ball similar to those enjoyed in winter by many well-regulated amphibians. The editors have just received word in a private communication that there is a famous practical joker in Frederick, and, oddly enough, it was he who submitted the famous toad to the Denver scientist. The date was perilously close to April 1.

### *Loan Sharks and Automobiles*

DESPITE stringent laws against them, the loan sharks seem to continue their activities. Changing their victims from time to time, they are now preying upon the automobile owner; chiefly the taxi driver who operates his own cab. An investigation being undertaken by United States Attorney Tuttle in New York City indicates that several corporations and individuals are working outside the law. All the old usury tricks are being repeated.

One taxicab driver, it is related, obtained a loan of $100 from a Broadway credit corporation. For this he was charged a premium of $50 and was required to pay back the total at a rate of $15 a week. After three or four payments had been made he found that his car needed repainting, and the company advanced $120 additional for this purpose. This time $40 was charged. The viciousness of the scheme, the taxi man testified, was illustrated a few weeks later. His car needed repairs, and he was told to take it to a garage operated by the credit company. Here he was charged $347 for the job and assessed $80 interest.

Before the man was well aware of it, in brief, his $100 loan had increased to $552. He could not pay according to schedule, and in the end the credit concern began legal action to seize his car. That they had the arrogance to do so is indication enough that their activities are as constant as they are vicious. Often, other witnesses told Mr. Tuttle, cars were attached quite without legal warrant.

The defense against the loan shark is, however, not difficult. No court aware of the truth will enforce his contracts. He has no legal redress if the borrower declines to pay. To defy him requires courage, of course, for publicity may result. Like the blackmailer, however, the loan-shark operator is probably equally anxious to avoid the light.

### *Smoke*

ENGINEERS gifted with the perspective which enables them to see things "in the large" predict the early end of smoke. That end may not, and probably will not, come because smoke is a nuisance, but, like prohibition, because of economic causes.

To the combustion engineer smoke is as horrible a confession of waste as any form of waste which has ever irritated the wasteless Mr. Ford. Although the eyelids of several thousand generations of our direct ancestors were doubtless in a more or less constant state of redness due to the use of habitations without proper chimneys, the real trouble—the smoke nuisance—began mostly with the mechanical revolution only about one hundred and fifty years ago. And it will surely end in it. Historically, in fact, the smoke nuisance will doubtless be regarded some day as only a brief puff of smoke. Of course, as every one knows, smoke is simply unburned carbon. It is fuel thrown to the four winds. It is more than that; it is deadly to whatever the four winds deliver it to.

"What Price Smoke?" is the title of a booklet just published by the National Conference Board of Sanitation. This survey should prove most satisfactory to citizens of Pittsburgh; for it shows that the "smoky city" has surrendered the palm of smokiness. Even New York is sootier now than Pittsburgh, which finally found a way to clean up. Can other cities accomplish what Pittsburgh has accomplished in so brief a time, or must we hold that Pittsburghers are more capable than the rest of us?

### *News and Editorials*

NEWSPAPERS, in the opinion of Ogden L. Mills, Under-Secretary of the Treasury, have not lost their power to mold opinion since the days of Greeley and Dana, and so forth; the emphasis has merely been shifted from the editorial page to the news columns. Said Mr. Mills, at the semi-centennial banquet of the "Yale Daily News:"

"The majority of us are for the most part inarticulate. And so a newspaper must express for the average man the thoughts he is unable to express for himself. When it does that accurately and forcefully, it fills a very real need and achieves enormous influence among its readers. That newspaper has the greatest weight which best interprets public opinion and, by not getting too far out of step, is able to guide and direct it along sound lines.

"We are constantly hearing the question debated whether the power of the press is greater today than in former times. It is not a question, I think, of greater power, but of a different kind of power it exercises at present. News today is more comprehensive than it ever was before. Important as is the newspaper as an instrument of public opinion, its primary function is to supply news. What the average man wants is an accurate and reliable presentation of facts on which he can base his own opinion."

### *The Republican Conscience Fund*

SENATOR BORAH'S plan to cleanse the Republican Party by raising a fund of $160,000 for Harry F. Sinclair has not aroused enthusiasm. Somehow people have not seemed to think that Mr. Sinclair needed the money or was entitled to it, or that a popular subscription now, after the money contributed by the naval oil lessee had been accepted and used to pay the Republican Party deficit, would do anything to wipe out the past or insure better practices in the future. At any rate, the subscriptions, all told, have amounted to some seven thousand dollars or so. So, with the consent of the contributors and with the assent of Senator Borah—at the suggestion of Mrs. B. F. Langworthy, President of the Chicago Woman's City Club, the money may be devoted to "some worthy cause, for example, to relieve the poverty-stricken families of the Pennsylvania coal miners."

### *Smyrna's New Disaster*

THE people of Smyrna may well mourn that their ancient city is afflicted by Allah. It is reported that the recent earthquake destroyed four-fifths of its buildings and many hundreds of its people. Six years ago, when the Turks drove the Greeks out and atrocities were desolating the city and its vicinity, more than three-fifths of Smyrna was burned. In the last two or three years the city had been largely rebuilt; now the work must begin again.

Smyrna has been a center of commerce for Asia Minor for two thousand years. Its people have been a curious mixture of Jews, Armenians, Greeks, Turks, and Europeans. After one of its many earthquakes it was restored by the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius. No



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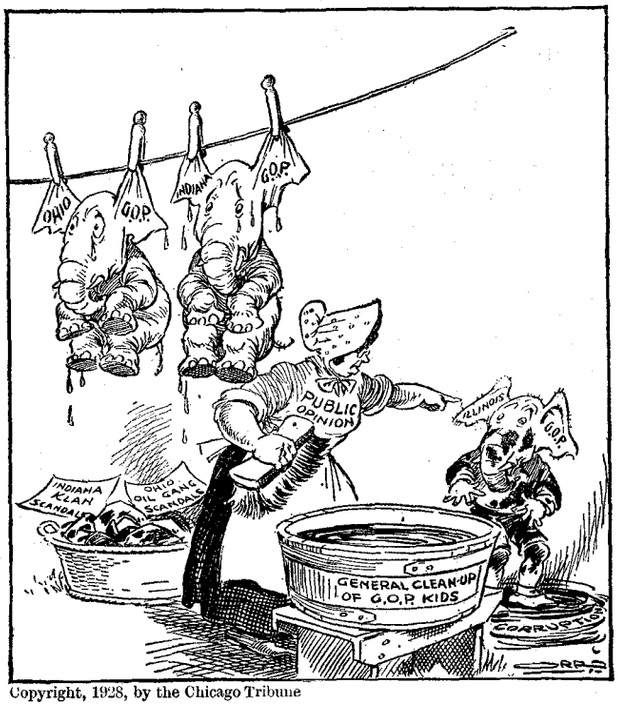
# Cartoons of the Week

*Orr in the Chicago Tribune*

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**You're next!**

From Mrs. George W. Taft, Chicago, Ill.

*Orr in the Chicago Tribune*

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**Darn a neighbor who keeps chickens**

From 7th Grade History Class, Belton, Mo.

*Darling in the New York Herald Tribune*

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**Couldn't forget 'em if he tried**

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

*Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle*

**" Revolt in the desert "**

From Henry Charles Suter, Westerly, R. I.

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other place except Bagdad has so picturesquely kept the Oriental flavor.

The West has helped the East in the reconstruction of stricken Smyrna and in establishing much-needed health conditions. The work will now be taken up anew. Americans on the Community Welfare Council report that the Turks there, under Mustapha Kemal's régime, are introducing modern ideas.

### *The Wizard, the Dragon, and the Kliggraph*

An informer is not a good witness; one who is serving a life sentence for murder least of all. Yet the sworn statements made by the ex-Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan of Indiana (D. C. Stephenson) are interesting because they must have at least a modicum of truth; because they show a reflex light on himself as once a Klan magnate; and, finally, because the affidavits are for use in legal proceedings under way in Pittsburgh to prevent the Klan functioning in Pennsylvania, as being an enemy to social decency and injurious to morals.

Among other things, so the Associated Press despatches state, Stephenson charges the present Imperial Wizard with having instigated murder and as being an "uncultured, uncouth, vulgar individual, the Mussolini of America with a distinct leaning to anarchy." A summary of specific charges against officials of the Klan includes crimes ranging from murder, kidnapping, conspiracy, employment of women as lures, bribery, perjury, down to simple assault and battery.

On the other hand, the founder of the Klan, Colonel Simmons, charges Stephenson with using intimidation to elect Evans to the office of Imperial Wizard, thereby reducing Simmons to the rank of a mere Emperor. One of Stephenson's charges is that at the Klanvention an Imperial Kliggraph, once a bartender, entertained Klansmen at a club where gambling ran high.

When Dragon meets Wizard, then comes, not the tug of war, but a flow of scurrility.

### *The Pankhurst Baby and a View of Marriage*

Sylvia Pankhurst, a leader of the one-time militant Suffragettes in England, has taken the occasion of the birth of her baby four months ago to exploit her views on marriage. In brief, her views consist chiefly of a protest against English marriage laws, which she believes to be based on the antiquated idea that the married woman is her husband's property. She refused to subject herself to them, and her child was born without the sanction of a legal marriage form. There is nothing in what she says about her theory, on which she has acted, that necessarily implies a belief in what has been called free love or promiscuity. On the contrary, her words uphold an ideal, conflicting though it is with prevailing ideas, of the marriage relation:

"Most marriages are held together in actual fact not by legal compulsion but by mutual affection. . . . It is ludicrous and horrible that an old gentleman on the bench should be called upon to decide between husband and wife in the most intimate and delicate of questions, and really tragic that society can accept a state of law by which the fact that both parties desire to be free of the old union and have contracted other relationships is actually a legal reason for preventing divorce. . . . Happily, it is only in a small minority of cases that people desire to break marriages. I consider children are a great bond between parents, and only wish that so many were not economically compelled to remain without children or without as many as they would like."

She has given the child her own surname and has declined to give that of his father, as he is, she explains, of a "retiring disposition" and would not care to "efface her name."

She ignores, or rather, denies, the interest of society in marriage, considering it "a personal question." The significance of her statement depends, of course, on the support it gets. There is no evidence whether any of the former militant Suffragettes agree with her.

### *Bad Housing and Juvenile Crime*

The relationship between bad housing conditions and crime of every variety, with crime by minors of both sexes as probably the most serious evil, is again emphasized. A sub-committee of the New York State Baumes Commission, which has been investigating causes of crime, now reports the existence of fifty-eight juvenile gangs in one congested area in Manhattan. The report tells its own story:

"Housing conditions have a distinct bearing on juvenile delinquency. Blocks having the poorest housing and portions most devoted to commercial activities show the worst delinquency records.

"Less than two out of every five children in the district were found to have adequate provision such as afforded by gymnasiums, recreation piers, bathing pools, school centers, and neighborhood houses."

The boys and girls of the slums find recreation in cheap motion-picture houses and in pool-rooms, the survey demonstrates. And in most cases they come from homes so wretched that any form of excitement is to be preferred to the drab monotony of normal life. So are formed the boy gangs, for the crime which is prevalent has been found to be less the result of need than a desire for thrills.

The Commission points out, as has been done many times in the past, that society must provide decent homes and adequate facilities for recreation if it hopes to cut down the number of youthful delinquents. It makes note of the fact that in New York City there are few places where boys and girls may dance together under proper supervision.

### *America Beats Mexico*

As had been expected, the American Davis Cup tennis team won its first round match with Mexico, and now goes on to the second round. The Mexicans, even with Bob Kinsey, the former California player, in the line-up, were no match for Tilden and his young mates. Kinsey was always more of a doubles player than anything else, anyway.

It appears very probable that we shall win the American division of play and get at least as far as the final round in Europe against the winner of the European division.

### *Flop Houses and Decency*

Dr. Harris, New York City's Health Commissioner, says that the so-called flop houses on the East Side, some of which are managed by missions or by such friends of the vagrant as "Mr. Zero" of "Zero's Tub," are dirty and dangerous to health. One flop house is described as follows: "A zigzag cellar with two windows and a sixteen-inch fan and no other ventilation. There is but one exit from this cellar and in case of fire it would be a death-trap. Here 200 men have been herded in 127 cubic feet of space, whereas the law requires 400 cubic feet of air space." The men do not go to bed; they sit all night in chairs.

An attempt to make these places conform to law resulted, said Mr. Noonan, of the Rescue Society, in driving "a mass of unfortunate men, poorly clad, many of them victims of an industrial depression, into the streets at midnight to menace the community, sleep in dark



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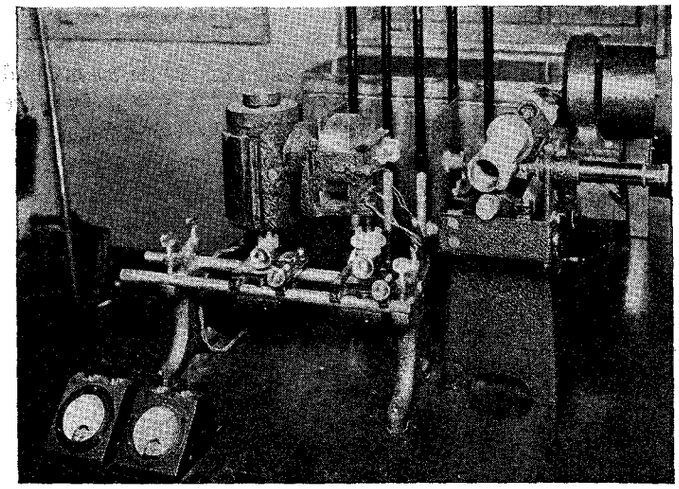


Underwood & Underwood

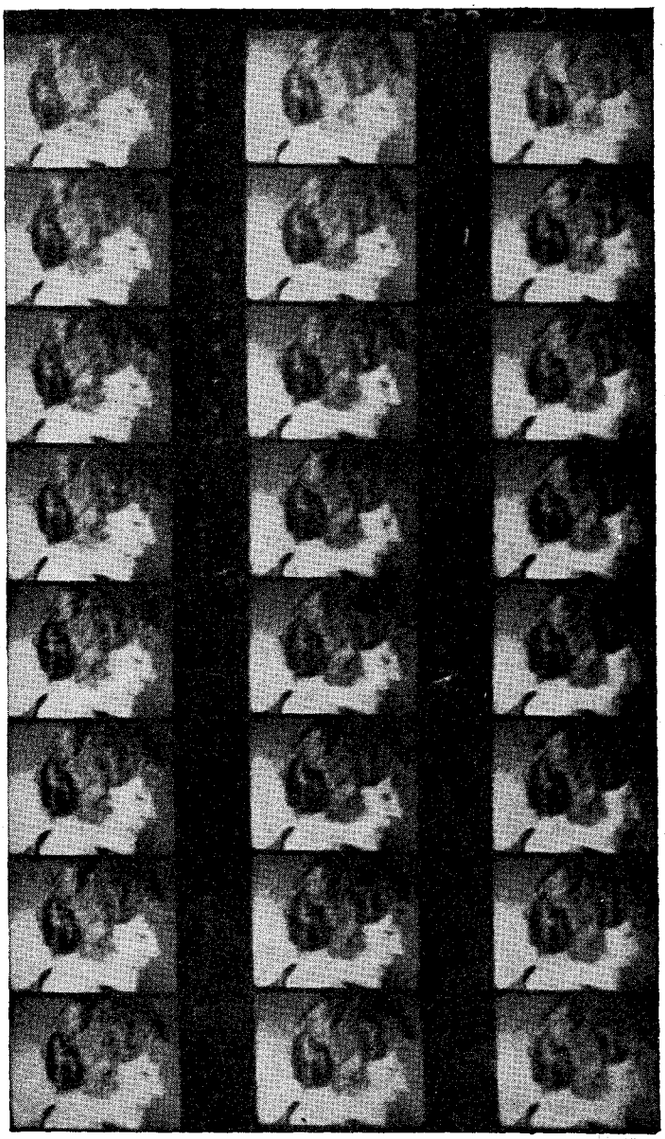
hallways or other dangerous places, also forcing them into crime."

But there is another side to this matter. Commissioner Harris declares that the city is doing its duty in furnishing decent lodging-houses for the homeless. He asks why these men didn't go to the Salvation Army, the Bowery Y. M. C. A., or the Municipal Lodging-House, where "hundreds of free beds have been unoccupied for the past three weeks"? His answer is that they are afraid of medical inspection, afraid of baths, and afraid of being sent out of town.

It is obvious that there is need of co-operation between the municipal authorities and the worthy welfare and relief agencies. There has been as yet no serious wave of unemployment. If it comes, it must find New York ready to meet it with efficiency and decency.

MOVIES BY WIRE

**Motion pictures of Vilma Banky were transmitted between Chicago and New York recently over telephone wires. The receiving apparatus is shown above**



### *The British Rubber Boomerang*

HUMAN nature has beaten a British attempt to substitute artificial control for economic self-interest. Great Britain has given up her attempt to restrict the rubber exports from her Middle Eastern colonies, and announced that production will be on a free basis after November 1.

Hoover partisans are hailing the decision as a "victory" for the Secretary of Commerce. When the British program went into effect in 1922, he protested against it, and continued to oppose it vehemently. The United States—using three-fourths of the world supply of crude rubber, two-thirds of which comes from British sources—did suffer from the higher prices which the restriction scheme caused. But there is nothing to show that Mr. Hoover's attacks caused the British to change front. Rather, the evidence is that hard experience did it.

The British counted without other producers—particularly the Dutch. In setting up their program to limit rubber production in order to maintain prices at a stated level, the British hoped to persuade other producers to join them. But, despite their arguments that all growers would gain from a stabilized market, no one else saw it their way. Instead, their competitors began to increase production rapidly, in order to capture former British markets, and boomed the non-British rubber output nearly 150 per cent. Henry Ford and Harvey Firestone began to prospect for rubber plantations in Liberia and Brazil. So Great Britain saw the economic light, and set an end to her experiment.

The victory is one for common sense as against unreasonable monopoly.

### *Crews*

THE annual boat race between the crews of the Universities of Washington and California always opens the rowing in this country, coming as it does a few days after the annual Oxford-Cambridge race in England. It precedes by two or three weeks the season in the East. With the single exception of Wisconsin, none of the Middle Western colleges have crews; and California and Washington are the only ones on the coast. The rest are all in the East.

Since the war, until the season of 1927, the University of Washington has had great success on the water. Rowing there is the big sport, and year after year the Huskies sent crews East to win or come mighty close to it in the crowning regatta of the season, the Intercollegiate at Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson. Last year, for the first time in many moons, Columbia brought victory to the East.

Starting off last year, Washington lost its first race in five years to California. The race this year also went—by half a length—to California.

Washington this year has lost its famous coach, Russell Callow, to the University of Pennsylvania. The Huskies



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are coached by Al Ulbrickson, Callow's stroke oar of two seasons ago.

Both coast crews, very probably, will be at Poughkeepsie and, if they are at all successful, will remain for the Olympic trials of July.

### *Depew*

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW'S long life in a vastly changing world came to an end just a few days before he would have reached the age of ninety-four. The American scene in his early boyhood was totally different from that on which he closed his eyes. Yet throughout he maintained a sort of virile youthfulness that made him seem a natural part of contemporary life. He had no repinings to utter, no bitter remonstrances at the new ideas, ways, tendencies, that kept supplanting the old. He was an incorrigible optimist. And yet, somehow, he always seemed to be a dignified survival of the past. In Thomas W. Lamont's terse phrase, "Mr. Depew was an institution and he will become a tradition."

He attained eminence in three fields. He was one of the most distinguished of American railroad men; he was one of the most notable of Republican politicians and public-office holders; and he was unsurpassed as a *raconteur* and after-dinner speaker.

He began his political career soon after his graduation from Yale in 1856, and at once, in spite of family tradition to the contrary, he engaged actively in the anti-slavery and Union cause, becoming soon an Assemblyman. He started on his railroad career soon afterwards as attorney for the New York and Harlem Railroad and the Hudson River Railroad. He rose in his political career to the United States Senatorship from New York, serving two terms, and to the Presidency and finally Chairmanship of the New York Central Railroad. He was a delegate to every Republican National Convention from 1888 to 1924.

He ascribed his longevity to his sense of humor.

### *Women Not Wanted as Priests*

THE Church of England is suffering a loss in applicants for the priesthood in both quantity and quality. The Rt. Rev. H. H. Henson, Lord Bishop of Durham, England, has declared, according to a Canadian press cable message, that the consequent crisis could not be met by admitting women to holy orders. That he regarded as a breach with the traditions of Christendom which he saw no reason to justify. Partly because of the consequences of the World War and partly because of the great number of single women, there were many women who were repudiating wifely and motherly functions and were looking about for alternatives. This fact he deplored as implying a disintegration of the family. The exclusion of women from holy orders was no assumption, he said, of female inferiority, but simply a recognition of the distinctiveness of their function.

### *The Vatican and Fascism*

MORE than a conflict with Mussolini is involved in the recent pronouncements of Pope Pius against Fascism and its control of education in Italy. The issue at stake is the relation of the Vatican to nationalist movements, not only in Italy, but in other countries.

The semi-official Vatican organ in Rome, the "Osservatore Romano," has explained—in an article initialed by Count Della Torre, the director of the paper—that the Pope's statement "was confined solely to a moral plane, and was in no wise politically inspired and did not constitute intervention in the affairs of the state." It argued that the state should direct the mental and physical training of "the Italian man," but that the Church should direct religious education. But the Fascist Government has not given heed to this interpretation or recalled its decree prohibiting any organization of youth not controlled by the Fascist Party. And the Holy College itself is reported to be divided into pro-Fascist and anti-Fascist camps, while Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, has warned Italian bishops through the "Osservatore Romano" that they must observe neutrality toward the Fascist régimes.

In France, the Catholic Church is engaged in a not dissimilar struggle with the extreme royalists of the faction of "L'Action Française," who are known as the French Fascists. These extremists—like most Italian Fascists—are Catholics. But they argue, as monarchists, against taking part in republican elections, while the Vatican encourages French Catholics to vote. So the royalist leaders oppose the Vatican policy. In turn, the Vatican has put their paper on the Index of prohibited reading, on the ground that it tended to corrupt Catholic loyalty. And lately Cardinal Dubois, Archbishop of Paris, has ordered French priests not to baptize, marry, bury, or give communion to partisans of the royalist faction.

In both France and Italy the Vatican is putting to a practical test the theory that Roman Catholic authority transcends national and political limits.

### *Notorious Krakatoa Again Snarls*

KRAKATOA is again threatening. In 1883 this renowned Far Eastern volcano suddenly exploded and caused the death of 35,000 people on the neighboring shores of the Straits of Sunda, between Sumatra and Java. Then it subsided, leaving the whole earth's atmosphere so full of minute particles that sunsets were red for three years. The active crater of Krakatoa is now under water of unknown depth, up through which it ejects columns of water, steam, lava, and ashes 250 to 650 feet high every few minutes, according to the noted volcanologist Dr. T. A. Jaggar, writing in his unique weekly volcanological periodical, "The Volcano Letter," published in Hawaii on the very brink of the crater of Kilauea. The cause of the great loss of life in Java in 1883 having been a great tidal wave thrown up by the explosion of Krakatoa, refugees are now being evacuated from the near-by shores by the Dutch Government.

Whether another disaster impends or whether the present eructations of the subaqueous crater signify that an accumulated force is gradually and harmlessly being spent no cautious scientist will attempt to tell. Concerning the cause of volcanic eruptions there is still much disagreement, but on one thing there is virtual agreement—they are local. The old theory that volcanoes are vents for the entire earth's interior is as extinct as any volcano has ever become. Local pockets of molten rock account for most volcanoes.

A few think Krakatoa erupted in 1883 when the sea water at its base broke through the rocks and encountered its fires. The majority, however, maintain their ignorance, but respect the force of the volcano and recommend prompt flight.

### *The Royal Oak*

QUARRELS involving admirals, captains, and bandmasters are not generally associated in the public mind with British naval discipline. The battleship Royal Oak, stationed in the Mediterranean, seems to have been the scene of such an affair.

So far as can be learned from the cable despatches, Rear-Admiral Collard, among other things, did not like the manner in which the band played for the entertainment of his guests. He expressed his opinion of the music to the bandmaster, and the captain of the



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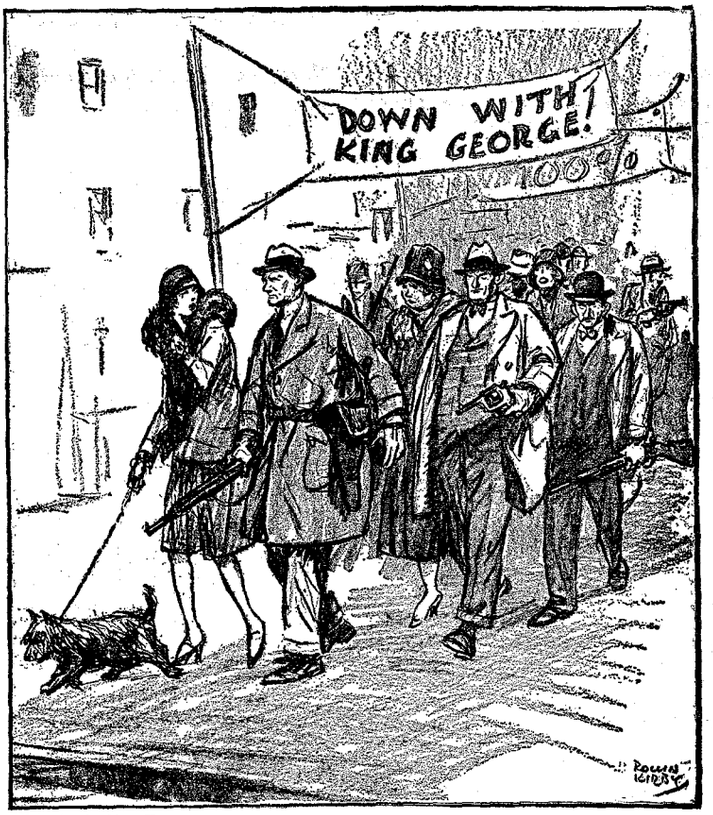


Kirby in the New York World

**Chicagoans out for a stroll**

Royal Oak and a naval commander on board seemed to have expressed their opinion of the Admiral's criticism. The result was a court martial of the two objecting officers and an order to Rear-Admiral Collard to haul down his flag. Whether or not the three officers will be transferred to other commands remains to be seen.

Times have changed since Lord St. Vincent put down the mutinies in the British fleets in 1797. Then seamen had real grievances. When the grievances were tardily satisfied, the seamen continued mutinous, with the result that many of their ringleaders dangled from yardarms. Lord St. Vincent was a disciplinarian who coupled severity with justice. Rear-Admiral Collard seems to have coupled severity of language with a temperament that does not inspire loyalty. The result has been a naval scandal all out of proportion to the issues involved.

### *When One Makes Two*

IN politics, Englishmen are discovering again, one may be more than one. The "flapper bill" to extend suffrage to women at the age of twenty-one, instead of thirty as at present, has brought up anew the issue of "plural voting." It would give some women the right to cast votes in two constituencies.

"Plural voting" is an old practice in Great Britain. Formerly a privileged man might have the right to cast votes in as many as six constituencies. The Franchise Act of 1918 cut plural voting facilities down to two in most cases—for instance, to the district in which a man resided and the district in which his business office was.

The new equal suffrage bill now under discussion in Parliament gives the same rights to a woman, to vote both in her home district and in the district where she may have a shop or office. Further, it gives a woman who has no business the right to vote where she resides and where her husband has a business. And it gives the husband of a woman in business the right to vote where her business is as well as in their home district.

In fact, the measure tends to swell immensely the proportion of Conservative votes.

About 5,000,000 more women will join the ranks of voters, making a total of 14,250,000 women citizens as compared with 12,250,000 men. And, with women's tendencies to conservatism in political matters, it bids fair to strengthen the Tory grip on British government. So "die-hards" who first opposed the "flapper bill" are rubbing their hands and chuckling as they realize the implications of "plural voting" for their middle-class constituencies engaged in business.

Laborites and Liberals, having far fewer followers in these ranks, are belatedly fighting the measure. But the overwhelming Conservative majority in Parliament insures nowadays the success of any Cabinet measure.

## From Washington

### *Mr. Hoover's Obstacles*

BECAUSE of a feeling that these first spring days may see the making or the unmaking of a Republican nominee and of a President, Herbert Hoover has been persistently in the mind of Washington. The "breaks" have gone against him. His friends believe that "the worst is over," that smooth waters and safe harbor lie ahead. Those who do not favor his nomination see but the first gusts of a gale.

The death of Senator Willis has been a blow to the Hoover campaign. There are no indications that Mr. Hoover will be able to get a larger share of the Ohio delegates than would have been his if Willis had lived. If, on the other hand, he should get more, there is not thought to be much of prestige in defeating a dead man.

Senator Guy D. Goff has entered the contest in his own State of West Virginia, adding another Senator to the anti-Hoover coalition and making it necessary for Mr. Hoover either to let West Virginia go by default or further to affront the favorite-son tradition, sacred among political Republicans.

The farm belt scarecrow has been definitely set up in the open. George N. Peck, Chairman of the Committee of the North Central States Agricultural Organizations, filed a memorandum which was placed in the Senate record by Norbeck of South Dakota. In it Mr. Peck said: "In my opinion, any candidate yet mentioned by either party would be supported by the farm population in preference to Hoover with such a record of duplicity and deliberate exploitation of agriculture."

The color line, also, has run athwart the Hoover campaign. Pressure from Negro politicians has been brought to bear to put an end to the segregation of Negro employees in the Bureau of the Census. In Mississippi, a delegation already committed to Hoover has served notice that it will turn to Lowden unless Mr. Hoover recognizes the leadership of Frank O. Howard, Negro, and repudiates



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the "lily white" Sheldon organization. This threatened withdrawal of twelve votes for the nomination came just at the time when L. O. Crosby, a prominent Democrat, had announced that if Hoover should be the Republican nominee he would stump the State for him—just when the opportunity seemed to have come to Mr. Hoover to break the heart of the Solid South if he could get the nomination.

During the week Mr. Hoover's name got into the record of the Teapot Dome investigation. Birch Helms, New York banker and former oil operator, has testified that he tried to get a chance at the Teapot Dome lease, that after the lease was secretly let to Sinclair he (Helms) wrote to Secretary of War Weeks, Attorney-General Daugherty, and Secretary of Commerce Hoover in an effort to get a reconsideration. Daugherty did not reply, Weeks replied that he could not become involved in the controversy, while Hoover took the matter up with Fall and, in the opinion of Mr. Helms, did all that he could toward having the matter reopened. So much is to Mr. Hoover's credit, clearly.

The Hoover organization may have some ground for comfort in all of this. When—and if—Mr. Hoover wins the nomination, he will have triumphed over more obstacles than ordinarily are put in the way of a candidate.

### *The New Sinclair Trial*

HARRY F. SINCLAIR is again on trial on the charge of conspiracy to defraud the Government in the Teapot Dome lease. The surroundings have changed somewhat since the trial which became a mistrial because detectives hired by Sinclair shadowed the jury. Peyton Gordon, then the official prosecutor because of his position as District Attorney, has become a judge and L. A. Rover has succeeded him. Justice Bailey presides in place of Justice Siddons. And, most significant change of all, Sinclair's codefendant is not in court. If Albert B. Fall did, indeed, profit by the leasing of Teapot Dome, he had not long to enjoy his gains. A broken old man, too much of an invalid to undergo the ordeal of appearance in court, he has been granted an indefinite postponement and has sought relief in a hospital. His deposition will be read as defense testimony in Sinclair's trial.

### *Fall Deposes*

PARTIAL news reports of Albert B. Fall's deposition, taken at his El Paso home, brought unfortunate results. The reports said that Fall had accused Will H. Hays, Senator Smoot, and former Senator Lenroot of having requested him to conceal the fact that the then mysterious $100,000 came from E. L. Doheny. Mr. Lenroot went before the Senate Investigating Committee and denied, for himself and Senator Smoot, that anything of the kind occurred. They called on Fall, he said, to urge him to make a complete statement of the facts, and Hays was not with them.

Later news reports from El Paso were to the effect that Fall had said merely that Smoot and Lenroot came to see him, not that they urged him to conceal the source of the money. He made that charge, apparently, against Will H. Hays alone. Mr. Hays is in Europe and has made no reply.

When the deposition is officially read, it will be for the jury to decide as to the measure of credence due it. Certainly it is not the duty of the public to give it full credit on the strength of incomplete, unofficial reports in the newspapers.

### *Is Flood Control Safeguarded?*

BETWEEN the two ends of the avenue there has broken out, over the Flood Control Bill, something that looks like war—or even Sherman's synonym. President Coolidge is much displeased with the bill as it passed the Senate and as it appears in a fair way to pass the House. He called Representative Madden, Chairman of the Appropriations Committee, to the White House to tell him so. Mr. Madden, though he had come from a sick-bed, hurried to the Capitol to rally the Administration forces. He did not say that the President would veto the bill if passed in its present form, but he said there would be "trouble." He said "trouble on the Wabash," though he doubtless meant Tiber Creek.

The President's major objections are three: That no provision is made for local contributions, that the cost of the project is uncertain, and that the method of expending money is not sufficiently safeguarded. Though the Senate bill carries an appropriation of only $325,000,000, it contemplates larger expenditures. Congressional estimates run from $700,000,000 to $1,000,000,000, and it is said that the President has an estimate made by Army engineers which places the cost at $1,500,000,000.

Little doubt is entertained "on the hill" that the President's attitude means either modification or a veto. Efforts will be made at satisfactory modification. But the advocates of the bill are confident that if these efforts fail there are enough votes and enough public opinion to override a veto.

### *The New Democratic Senator from Ohio*

CYRUS LOCHER, of Cleveland, comes to Washington as the Democratic Senator from Ohio appointed to the place made vacant by the death of Senator Willis. Mr. Locher, though he has been busy practicing law and politics in Ohio for almost thirty years, is not well known in Washington. Most of those who are to be his colleagues had to rely on newspaper reports for information concerning him.

A Columbus despatch to a Washington newspaper brought this welcome information: "In his general views, Locher inclines to conservative progressivism." Democratic Senators heaved a sigh of relief. They did not know but that he might incline to progressive conservatism. The next paragraph revealed this further welcome information: "He may be described as neither wet nor dry." Again the Senate sighed its thankfulness. It has known so many who were both.

With his views thus fully revealed, there is little room for doubt as to where Senator Locher stands. Quite evidently, he runs true to the traditions of an elder day.

### *To Curb Trade in Stolen Goods*

MR. LA GUARDIA, formerly Socialist, but now Republican Representative from New York, has come into larger prominence than he was ever able to attain before. His main activity heretofore has been in denunciation of "poisoned" liquor and, therefore, of prohibition. But now he has introduced an "anti-fence" bill—technically, a bill to prohibit the sending and receipt of stolen property through inter-State and foreign commerce—which, in hearing before the House Judiciary Committee, has received distinguished attention, for and against.

The attention against came directly from the United States Department of Justice, which reported that the Director of the Bureau of the Budget had reported that such a law would involve expenditures out of accord with Coolidge economy.

The attention for the bill came from such distinguished individuals and organizations as Newton D. Baker, former Secretary of War, representing the National Crime Commission; J. Weston



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**THIS IS NOT THE DECK OF AN OCEAN LINER**

**but the promenade deck of the R-100, the new English dirigible which will fly between England and America. It will carry one hundred passengers and a crew of forty, and will make the trip in forty-eight hours**

Allen, former Attorney-General of Massachusetts, representing the American Bar Association; Alfred P. Thom, Jr., General Solicitor of the Association of Railway Executives, representing the American Railway Association; Thomas E. Paton, representing the American Bankers Association; Maxwell S. Mattuck, representing the National Credit Men's Association—just to mention a few of them.

Few bills recently before Congress have received, everything considered, so nearly universal support of the public. It appears to be generally regarded as providing the only effective means of curbing large-scale theft. The "fence" (receiver of stolen goods) is represented as the principal beneficiary of theft—the man who "sits pretty" and keeps the thief working for him at starvation wages.

# Windows on the World

*By Malcolm W. Davis*

WAR DEBTS and war damages have caused more difficulty since the peace treaties were signed than almost any other international problem. They are the next subject for the attention of political and financial statesmen.

Recently the word has come from Europe that a large-scale plan is definitely under consideration to take both reparations and interallied debts out of politics and put them on a business basis. Premier Poincaré has said in a campaign speech that France is ready to discuss the so-called "bankers' plan" to market German bonds and enable the Allies and Germany to pay their debts more speedily. That is to say, Germany's chief creditor and the only debtor to the United States that has not agreed to a program for repayment of her obligations agrees to talk terms.

The German Government has indicated indirectly through the press its satisfaction at Poincaré's attitude. S. Parker Gilbert, the American Agent-General for Reparation Payments, has been in France to confer with M. Poincaré and in Italy to confer with Count Volpi, the Minister of Finance. The matters on which they talked remain undisclosed, but they are believed to relate to the question of revising the program for German payments—a question which both France and Italy regard as closely related to the settlement of the Allied debts. In Washington a bill has been introduced in Congress to extend the term of Austria's $24,000,000 loan from the United States so that she can borrow $100,000,000 for reconstruction purposes. All these are steps in the direction of a final post-war economic readjustment.

In London the opinion is that any new general arrangement on reparations and debts inevitably depends on the United States. Great Britain is naturally favorable. The scheme under discussion calls for a fixing of the total of German obligations at 32,000,000,000 gold marks, or about $7,600,000,000. This would replace a theoretical ultimate obligation of 132,000,000,000 marks. One-half of the new total would be covered by bonds on the German railways and industries which the Dawes Plan provided. The other half would be covered by the German annual Budget, reducing the reparation demands on the Budget by about forty per cent. The German railway and industrial bonds would then be offered for general public sale. The proceeds would be available largely to liquidate immediately Allied debts to the United States. Germany would pay off the balance of her reparations to the Allies chiefly in goods, and world business would be free of the present burden of international indebtedness.

Undoubtedly the most influential financial opinion of the world is back of the principles embodied in this tentative plan. It is not likely to reach the point of action before this year's elections in France, Germany, and the United States. But the people of all countries are sure to hear more of it.

Any scheme to cut down debts and reparations is sometimes called a way of making the American people pay the costs of the war in place of the people of the Allied nations and Germany. If it is certain that the German people are paying all that they reasonably can, and that an adjustment will help the people of the Allied nations in their task of reconstruction, that is a forgiveness of debtors that the American people could very well afford.

FRANCE and the United States are moving forward with the plan to outlaw war. Since M. Briand accepted Secretary Kellogg's proposal of a general anti-war treaty, Ambassador Claudel has progressed so far in conversations



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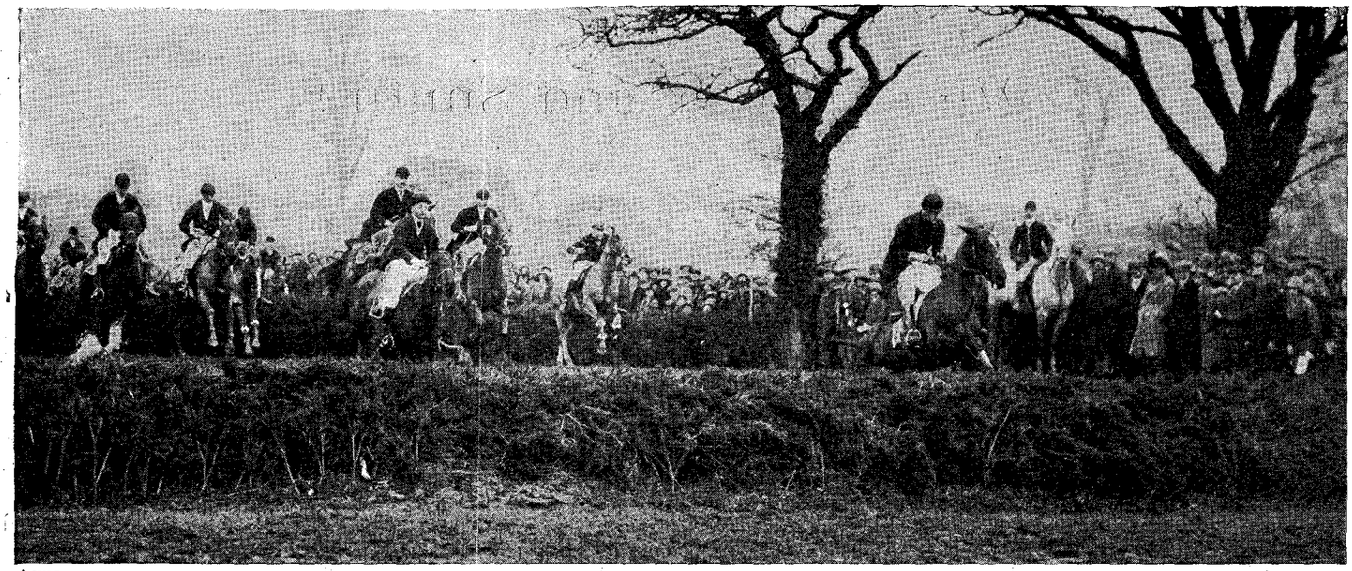

Acme

**THE PRINCE OF WALES LEADS THE FIELD**

**in the point-to-point race at Hillesden, Buckinghamshire. The Prince may be seen at the right**

with the Department of State that the two Governments are ready to transmit their correspondence to the other Powers with a request for exchanges of opinion. In advance, there is no doubt of approval in principle. M. Briand made certain of that during his last visit to Geneva, where he talked with the delegates of the other nations represented on the Council of the League of Nations. And officials in Berlin, in addition, have taken occasion to make it clear that Germany will gladly discuss Secretary Kellogg's proposal. Although Secretary Kellogg has raised questions about some of the reservations in the latest French reply to him, the decision to approach the other Powers leaves little doubt that the differences now existing are not serious and that a general agreement is considered practicable.

THE "Open Door" doctrine now extends all the way from the Far East to the Straits of Gibraltar. Secretary Kellogg has asserted it in connection with the conference of the European Powers, under way in Paris, in regard to the administration of Tangier, the international port on the coast of North Africa opposite to the British naval stronghold. He has notified them that the United States reserves its position on any decisions affecting American rights in Morocco or Tangier, where "it has a fundamental interest in the maintenance of the open door."

The conference is dealing with a plan for revision of the administrative control of the international zone, recently worked out in preliminary conversations between France and Spain, and also with a proposal by Italy for Italian participation in the administration. On this latter point M. Briand has declared that "there is no question of radically disturbing the existing régime at Tangier." The Franco-Spanish understanding provided that Spain should control the policing of the Tangier zone—thus recognizing Spain's predominant interest in that part of Morocco—an understanding which Great Britain agreed to accept.

RUSSIAN GOLD to the amount of over $5,000,000—recently sent to the United States to finance trade—is being shipped back to Europe. The United States Treasury refused to accept it for assay, under an embargo placed in 1920 on Soviet specie importations. The Bank of France started suit to secure it as part of an amount formerly held in the Russian State Bank. Rumania also took steps for a similar action. So the Soviet authorities moved it out of danger. The French pursuit may follow it to Europe, but there is likely to be little satisfaction in playing "Button, button, who's got the button?" with the Bolsheviks.

Meanwhile, not in the least discouraged, they have hinted from Moscow that they would be willing at any time to discuss a debt settlement with the United States—a hint to which Washington has neglected to pay heed.

"WE will pay you, but it wasn't our fault," China's Nationalists have said to the United States, in regard to its damage claims for attacks in Nanking in March last year on the American Consulate and American citizens and property. The Nationalist administration of southern and central China—now established in the same city—has come to an agreement with Ambassador MacMurray. The first settlement of the sort that has been achieved, it carries with it the obvious value to the Nanking officials of *de facto* recognition of their authority. That is a solid gain for them in their struggle with the Peking militarists.

The Nanking administration denies responsibility for the outrages—logically, since it was not in existence at the time—but expresses regret and agrees to pay reparations. Similar negotiations are under way with Great Britain and Japan.

The Peking Government, considerably weakened in the civil war, appears to desire peace with Nanking. But the attitude of the Nationalists and their ally, Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian General," remains uncertain. And Michael Borodin, the Soviet agent who organized the radical wing of the Nationalists two years ago, is now reported in Mongolia setting up another movement to make trouble for Great Britain and the other Powers in the Far East.

CORRUPTION, it may be reassuring to be reminded, is not confined to the United States. Germany has lately uncovered the fact that, roughly, $6,500,000 of the funds placed at the disposal of the Reichswehr police were squandered in questionable private ventures, including a motion-picture concern which made films for navy propaganda, and also—apparently—various schemes for secret armaments. The German militarists will still stand watching.



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# Why Hoover and Smith?

## A Personal Letter from Washington

*By* DIXON MERRITT

WHAT does Al Smith see in Herbert Hoover, and what does Herbert Hoover see in Al Smith, that each should want the other as his opponent in this year's race for the Presidency?

There is the question by which political Washington, as it prepares for its quadrennial exodus to the National Conventions, is puzzled and pestered. No politician, or even political correspondent, has answered it.

The fact began to press itself into attention six months or more ago. It has become more and more insistent as the nomination of the two men has become, apparently, more and more nearly inevitable. Today there is no room for doubt that each is only less concerned with the other's success than with his own. Those in Washington who doubted have become convinced with the beginning of real political action in the States.

The names Smith and Hoover as here used have a broader than the individual meaning. It may be that neither man is troubling his mind with thoughts of the other, but those groups of men who go to make up the two candidacies certainly are.

NO man is interested in finding himself a strong opponent. Therefore, that which Hoover (as a political entity) sees in Smith, and Smith (as a political entity) in Hoover, must be a weakness. At least, it must look like a weakness to the man who sees it. What is it?

Each has been, from the outset, strong in the strongholds of the opposing party. On the surface, that looks like strength. Indeed, it must. But it may be strength where strength will avail nothing. Hoover could be given a good many Democratic votes in Mississippi, for instance, without endangering Democratic success. Smith might lure a great many Republicans out of the fold in Wisconsin without gaining a single electoral vote.

Is each man considering the other's weaknesses and ignoring his own? If so, which is the shrewder appraiser? The answer will be given on the first Tuesday in November—if both Smith and Hoover are nominated. If neither, or if only one of them, is nominated, this will forever remain one of the tantalizing puzzles of American politics—a cryptogram whose key is forever lost.

It is easy to guess—though, perhaps, erroneously—that the so-called agrarian revolt of the West is the chief urge in the Smith longing for Hoover's nomination. The agricultural West is the section in which, normally, Smith would be weakest. But to many persons in that region Hoover is not merely not the farmer's candidate but is the author of the farmer's woes. It would not be difficult for the Smith generals to see in the West, with Hoover as the Republican candidate, an opportunity for making up for any losses that might be sustained in the South, where Hoover is reputed popular and Smith otherwise. That would leave the real fight to be waged in the East.

THE Smith men may, very likely, have an eye on a situation nearer home. The western end of New York State is a Republican stronghold—and an agricultural stronghold. Over a large part of it Governor Lowden has acquired a considerable popularity and Mr. Hoover a fairly corresponding unpopularity—not wholly because of what his attitude toward the farmer is conceived to be, but somewhat because of what his attitude toward the New York route for the Lakes-to-the-Atlantic waterway is known to have been. He was right, of course, but—well, Smith may possibly need those western New York votes which he probably could not take away from any Republican except Hoover.

The desire of the Hooverites for the nomination of Smith probably grows out of the belief that the country is not wet, but just nicely moist—except the South, which is positively dry politically. Here, again, it is a case of trying to make up for something lost. If some of the Western Republican States are to revolt on the farm issue, it will not matter so much if some of the Southern States revolt on the dry issue.

It may be possible, too, that somebody in the Hoover camp has been studying practical political history and come to the conclusion that a New York candidate has not ordinarily been very good for the Democratic Party.

SINCE the Civil War the Democratic Party has nominated ten men for the Presidency. Seven of the ten have been New Yorkers—Seymour in 1868, Greeley in 1872, Tilden in 1876, Hancock in 1880, Cleveland from 1884 to 1892, Parker in 1904, and Davis in 1924. True, Hancock was credited to Pennsylvania and Davis to West Virginia, but they were residents of New York and regarded by the country as New Yorkers.

The only non-New Yorkers nominated by the Democratic Party since the Civil War were Bryan, Wilson, and Cox. It elected one of the seven New Yorkers and one of the three non-New Yorkers. Both successful Democrats, New Yorker and non-New Yorker, were definitely untied from Tammany. Smith is definitely tied to Tammany—and Tammany to him.

Tammany is not, perhaps, a tin can. But there is something in it that scares a certain number of voters. It is not difficult to believe that good Republicans, such as the Hoover generals are, would like to tie something of the kind to the donkey's tail—particularly when the elephant already has a pack of firecrackers tied to his.

It is not often given to a candidate to select his opponent. But these two are reacting upon each other in a peculiar way. If Hoover should be defeated at Kansas City—by Lowden or Dawes, say—the possibility of Smith's defeat at Houston would be increased. On the other hand, the Republicans, if they could be assured of Smith's defeat at Houston, would feel more free to do as they please at Kansas City.

There, after all, may be the reason why Smith wants Hoover and why Hoover wants Smith. Nomination comes before election.



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# Our Parties

IF Herbert Hoover and Alfred E. Smith are named as the opposing candidates in the Presidential election, the two great American parties will be represented by men who, respectively, personify the two parties' distinctive characters.

It has sometimes been said, and it seems to be widely believed, that between the two parties there is no real difference. The late Frank Munsey, a born journalist, whose thoughts, even if not profound, were always lively and inquisitive, like the actions of a healthy child, once proposed that the two parties, being essentially alike, should unite. Indeed, as Dr. Edward McChesney Sait shows in his book on "American Parties and Elections," commentators on American policies have differed among themselves in accounting for the existence of the Republican and Democratic Parties side by side. "It has been said with some truth," Dr. Sait remarks, "that the two great parties exist in America, not because there are two sides to every question, but because there are two sides to every office—an outside and an inside." Certainly such difference as there is between American parties is not the same kind of difference that we find in parties either on the European Continent or in Great Britain.

On the Continent of Europe parties are divided from one another on questions of policy or political beliefs.[1] In Germany, for example, there are in the Reichstag ten parties represented—the Social Democratic with 131, the National People's with 110, the Catholic Center with 68, the People's with 51, the Communist with 45, the Democratic with 32, the Economic Union with 21, the Bavarian People's with 19, the National Socialist with 7, the Völkische with 6, and besides three independents. Under this system of party division, every separate policy tends to be embodied by a separate party. In the Czechoslovakian lower chamber, besides the minorities, there are fourteen separate parties, each with its own program and leaders. In Poland party division has gone even further. For there there are not only sixteen separately organized parties but also a number of independents and minor groups. In France, as might be expected, this tendency to party division has been brought to its logical conclusion, for there there are not only parties but parliamentary groups which are not parties in the sense of having their own funds and organization, but are factions, each with its own policies and tendencies. Thus the American party system seems to be the very antithesis of the prevailing European system.

Yet equally distant from both the prevailing European and the American system is that which prevails in Italy and Russia. Under the Fascist régime and under the Bolshevist régime alike no opposition party to that in power is tolerated.

In Great Britain, as in America, the two-party system has prevailed, but there is no really recognizable resemblance between British and American parties. In different forms and under different names there remains in Great Britain the old distinction between Whig and Tory, between the progressive, the sanguine, the radical (for the time being divided between the Liberal and the Labor Party), on the one side, and the conservative, the cautious, the reactionary, on the other.

It is impossible to find any such corresponding differences between the Republican and the Democratic Parties in this country. There are conservative and progressive Democrats, conservative and progressive Republicans.

The essential difference between the two American parties has never been better stated than it was by William Garrott Brown in his essay on "A Defense of American Parties." It is, he points out, a difference of temperament. The one, the Democratic, is "the party of ideas and ideals, the party of liberty;" the other, the Republican, is "the party of practical achievement, the party of authority and order." Or, as he states it in other words, it is "aspiration and utopianism against purpose and opportunism, genius and eccentricity against common sense and self-interest, the universal and the visionary against the specific and the practical, the kingdom of the air against the kingdom of the earth." The citizen, minded to be independent, will be governed in casting his ballot by the party as well as by the candidate, and will employ that party which best serves the times.

But there is another characteristic of American parties that distinguishes them from parties in other countries. Each of them is not a national party in the European sense, but a federation of State parties. The Republican Party of Michigan can do nothing to control the Republican Party of Indiana, nor can the Democratic Party of New York control the Democratic Party of Mississippi; but because of this principle of federation the Republican Party of Michigan doubtless suffers for the sins of Indiana Republican politicians, and the Democratic Party of New York undoubtedly suffers the loss of Negro votes because in Mississippi the Democratic Party is committed to white supremacy. Thus across party lines run issues on which there can be no National party division. Even the tariff is no longer the party issue it once was. It is by this federative principle that the people of the United States are saved from the bloc system of Europe and at the same time find that in choosing their Government they must choose, not between policies, but between temperaments.

If this distinction is sound, and we believe it is, and if Smith and Hoover are nominated, the country will see the character of each party represented at very nearly, if not quite, its best in its candidate. In Governor Smith the Democratic Party has a leader of fertile ideas, representing the Democratic temperament, but steadied by administrative experience. In Secretary Hoover the Republican Party has a leader of great practical intelligence, representing the Republican temperament, but elevated by a record of idealism. They are worthy foes.

[1] See "A Political Handbook of the World," just off the press, edited by Malcolm W. Davis and Walter H. Mallory, and published by the Harvard University Press and the Yale University Press for the Council on Foreign Relations, Inc.



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# The D. A. R. Black List

THE President-General of the D. A. R. has stood sponsor for an amazing list of people and organizations to be barred from a hearing by chapters of this historic organization. This list is generous enough to include both the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. It takes in the Federal Children's Bureau and the Foreign Policy Association. It includes David Starr Jordan, William Allen White, Felix Frankfurter, and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise.

Many Daughters of the American Revolution are wondering why this list was compiled and why their President-General thinks they are not mature enough to judge for themselves the type of speakers they would like to hear. It appears that the President-General has fallen under the spell of the witch-hunting gentry who were so alarmed lest America turn Communist after the World War.

It is William Allen White who suggested that if the ancestors of the present members of the D. A. R. had adopted the present policy of the President-General, the Society today would have been known as the Daughters of American Tories, instead of Daughters of the American Revolution.

Apparently, there are still some sections of the United States which cling to the old doctrines of free speech. We might remind the D. A. R.'s that when ex-Senator Wadsworth, who is an emphatic wet and a pronounced anti-suffragist, visited Honolulu this last winter, he was cordially invited to address the League of Women Voters. We think that the D. A. R. can at least afford to listen to that terrible radical, William Allen White, without loss to its essential Americanism.

# Immortality

TO the question of immortality there are three familiar attitudes. One is the attitude of the dogmatist; another is the attitude of the scientist; the third is the attitude of the man of faith.

For the dogmatist the question is settled by what he regards as ultimate authority. He may find that authority in a Church. He may find it in a Book. He may even find it in what he regards as the historic sayings of a Man. In any case, his mind reposes on what it accepts as an external and sure foundation.

For the scientist, as a scientist, the question is referred to the evidence of the senses. If he finds the evidence favorable, he accepts immortality as an established fact; if unfavorable, as a myth; if neither favorable nor unfavorable, as a hypothesis to be neither accepted nor rejected.

For the man of faith, immortality is not a question of evidence or a question of authority. It is rather a part of that world of ideas and of life, like the idea of beauty or of truth or of right, that cannot depend upon anything external whether it be of authority or of evidence, but is a part of one's self. Evidence may support it or not; dogma may truly express it or may misrepresent it; but neither evidence nor dogma can of itself either establish or disestablish it.

These three attitudes are to be found in a group of statements about personal immortality published on Easter Day in the New York "Times." Dr. Manning, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York, Dr. Ryan, Roman Catholic professor, and Frank P. Walsh, Roman Catholic layman, and others rest their belief ultimately on authority. Clarence Darrow, the famous attorney, John Dewey, the well-known philosopher, W. E. B. Du Bois, the eminent Negro leader, take the view of the scientist, the first regarding the evidence as against the idea, the other two taking the position of agnosticism. But others, among them the scientific layman Dr. Robert Andrews Millikan, the distinguished physicist, and Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, the eminent clergyman, regard immortality through other eyes than those of evidence or dogma. Man, says Dr. Millikan, is incurably religious, because "every one who reflects at all must have conceptions of the world which go beyond the field of science." In this sense immortality is not merely the survival of bodily death, it is rather an attitude toward life and a way of living.

# Alice Stays in Wonderland

LAST week, at Sotheby's auction rooms, in London, a woman, old and poor and alone since her sons were killed in the war, sat and watched the sale of a precious manuscript. It was the manuscript of "Alice in Wonderland." The old woman, the seller, was Mrs. Hargreaves, the original Alice to whom the story was told and the manuscript given by Lewis Carroll "in memory of a summer day," some sixty-five years ago. The buyer was Dr. Rosenbach, purveyor to American collectors. To different people the manuscript means different things. Chirographers may find in the formation of its letters and the slant of lines some indications of the author's character. To psychologists corrections in the text may hint of how his mind worked. For the collector it is another curious stamp, another rare bird's-nest. To Alice Hargreaves herself the folded papers were the tangible evidence that a summer day, years ago, had been—had been, like her home and her sons and her youth; that it was not the figment of a lonely heart. To us they are only the christening dress of an immortal child. The manuscript of "Alice in Wonderland" may go to a gracious oblivion in the glass cases of the British Museum or behind the carved doors of a millionaire's cupboard; but neither public nor private hands can be laid upon Alice. She is safe, out of reach in a permanent wonderland. The door is not locked. It is a little door, and to go through it you have only to find the bottle labeled "DRINK ME." But take care; when you have drunk, when you are small enough to get through, you will find that there is deep water about your knees. To reach wonderland you must swim through a flood of your own tears.



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# An Inquiry Into Radio

*By* STUART CHASE

Stuart Chase asks and answers the question "What do manufacturers get when they pay $1,000 a minute for a National hook-up?" He was, with Mr. F. J. Schlink, a joint author of "Your Money's Worth: A Study in the Waste of the Consumer's Dollar." His trenchant study of the advertising problem serves as a background for this article on advertising and radio.

IN the United States today there are slightly over 700 broadcasting stations, nearly 10,000,000 receiving sets, and a total radio audience estimated at 30,000,000 to 50,000,000. In all the rest of the world there are but 431 stations. Only eight years ago, in 1920, there was only one station, KDKA of Pittsburgh, and a few thousand sputtering, head-phone amateur sets. Who pays for all this American broadcasting?

In the United States, advertisers pay, directly or indirectly, for the great bulk of radio broadcasting. In England and on the Continent, a license tax upon every receiving set pays the cost of radio broadcasting. The Government collects the tax, controls the air with a few non-interfering stations, and arranges the programs.

Broadly speaking, an inquiry into radio advertising is synonymous with an inquiry into the whole subject of American broadcasting.

In January, 1928, the Dodge Brothers brought out a new Victory model, and heralded its birth with a Victory Hour on the radio. That hour cost the motor manufacturers $60,000, or $1,000 a minute. Will Rogers in his California home, Paul Whiteman and his band in New York, Fred and Dorothy Stone in a Chicago theatre dressing-room, and Al Jolson in a New Orleans hotel—at the four boundaries of the Republic, west, east, north, and south—all contributed to one unified program, and their voices blended in the biggest hook-up ever attempted. The four artists split a purse of $25,000, with Al Jolson—grumbling all the way to New Orleans, where he did not want to go—receiving $7,500. Forty-seven stations were linked by 20,000 miles of special telephone wire, and, at an engineering cost of $35,000, simultaneously delivered the program to the whole country. David Belasco sent the following telegram to Edward L. Bernays, who, as counsel on public relations for the Dodge Brothers, had initiated the gigantic hook-up:

> As a sales and merchandising event the announcement of the Dodge Brothers Victory Six car from forty-seven radio stations is an achievement which beggars the imagination. The realization that some 30,000,000 people may be approached at the same time about the same proposition, whether it be concerned with merchandising, amusements, politics, education or religion, is an accomplishment which only the thought of this age could conceive. I am inclined to sit in admiration of the mind or minds which could vision such a stupendous undertaking.

Some of us are not only inclined to sit, we are inclined to complete prostration. The event was unparalleled. The only question remaining is whether the Dodge Brothers sold any more cars by virtue of it. But of that more anon.

The total outlay by the American public for sets and accessories is now $550,000,000 a year. In 1922 it was $60,000,000—a ninefold increase in six years. But the saturation point is far from reached. Only about thirty per cent of American homes are as yet equipped with radios, in contrast with forty per cent equipped with phonographs, over sixty per cent with telephones, and sixty-seven per cent with motor cars—figured on the basis of dividing total machines by total families.

In 1922 the Telephone Company established WEAF in New York. In the same year the art was greatly expanded by employing telephone wires to carry outside events into the station, where they were then put upon the air. Before, the speaker or the singer had perforce to go to the studio. Now the studio could go to the artist. Soon after, telephone wires were employed not only to hook in the artist, but to hook up separate stations, and thus release an identical program at widely separated points. As the maximum normal good delivery range of the most powerful (50,000 watt) station is only between 100 and 300 miles, depending on the character of the territory covered, it is obvious that the hook-up technique was invaluable in giving a costly or unique program the widest distribution at the lowest operating outlay. Thus momentous political speeches, prize-fights, football games, symphony concerts, the birth pangs of Victory models, could be delivered clearly and well all over the country at one fell swoop.

THE lion among the hook-up circuits is the National Broadcasting Company. It operates one station of its own, WEAF, and two stations owned by the Radio Corporation, WJZ and WRY; and daily sends out programs to nearly fifty more stations, using 9,300 miles of special wire. These stations, furthermore, are combined into the Red Circuit and the Blue Circuit, each with special programs. The company is owned jointly by the General Electric Company, the Radio Corporation, and the Westinghouse Electric Company, who between them make perhaps fifteen per cent of all radio sets and accessories. There are about 500 persons on its payroll; 14 studios are operated in New York, Chicago, Washington, and San Francisco; each month it brings 5,000 faces to its microphones, and each month it receives (and diligently classifies for advertising purposes) 85,000 letters from its far-flung audiences. It is housed in a great office building in New York, where on the floors devoted to the purpose the astounded visitor may see high-vaulted studios furnished in a style to inspire envy in Mr. Ziegfeld's heart, with batteries of colored lights to play upon the emotions of the performing artists; he may see magnificent attendants in the boldest and bluest of uniforms; a lordly sales department with rows of conference rooms and a great many-colored wall chart of the whole hook-up system; a dark cave lined with emerald batteries; a machine for recording automatically the temperature of every study at ten-minute intervals; and, most impressive of all, the central engineering room, where the miracle of transforming sound into ether waves is performed and the beautiful, intricate work of linking station to station consummated.

The nearest competitor to this company is the Columbia Broadcasting



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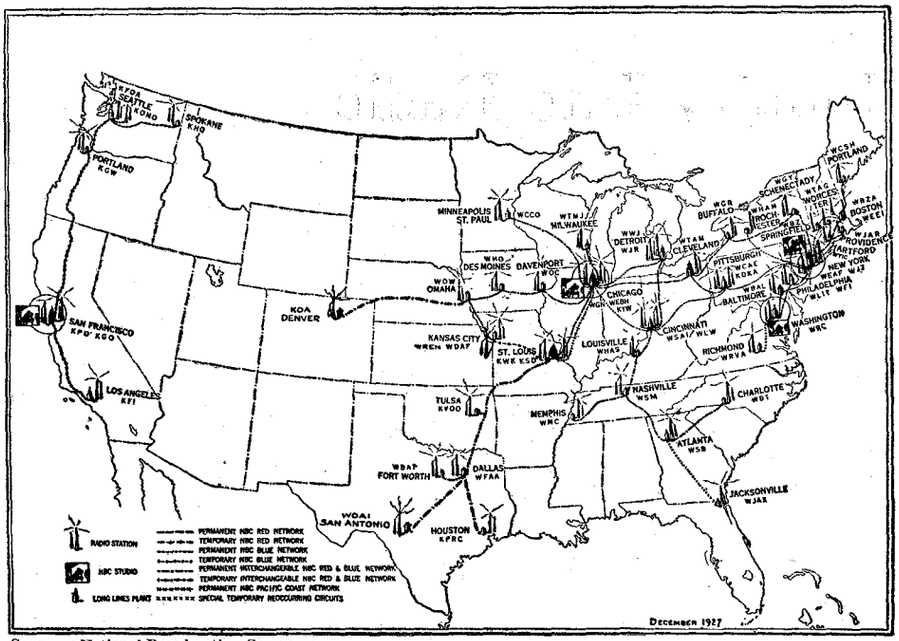


Courtesy National Broadcasting Company

**THE LION AMONG THE HOOK-UP CIRCUITS**

**is the National Broadcasting Company, which through the three stations it owns and operates, daily sends out programs to nearly fifty more stations, using 9,300 miles of special wire. This company dominates the field at present**

chain, an Eastern circuit with 3,500 miles of line. The National Broadcasting Company dominates the field at the present time. It alone can arrange the really big events.

THE total annual cost of radio broadcasting in the United States is probably in the neighborhood of $15,000,000. Mr. M. H. Aylesworth, President of the National Broadcasting Company, estimates the outlay of his company for 1928 at $8,000,000—$3,000,000 for talent and $5,000,000 for technical operation. How is this $15,000,000 cost—more or less—to be met? Primarily by advertising. It must be worth enough to somebody, somewhere, to pay the operating outlay. Americans are not distinguished for being in business for their health.

After KDKA had set the ball rolling in 1920, broadcasting stations, sensing the commercial possibilities, began to sprout up everywhere. They launched upon the ether the virtues of shoes, pickles, tooth powder, undershirts, whatnot, in the most direct and forceful terms. A little music, a good stiff sales talk, a little more music. The motto was: If the magazines can do it, why can't we? They could, and they did. The eager fans, stupefied with the sensation of getting anything—even a hiccough—out of the air, were ready to listen greedily to whatever might come along. Soap propaganda was as useful as a sermon or a saxophone to a man receiving the signal, testing out super-regenerative circuits, fiddling with controls, and trying to improve the reproduction qualities of the home-rigged set. The output of soap and sealing-wax appeals was enormous, but it is to be doubted if it sold much merchandise. Father was too busy twining grapevine aerials and playing with static elimination, to pay much attention to what was actually being said.

WITH the coming of better and better equipment, the radio audience began to listen more critically and to attempt some real enjoyment from the content of radio programs. To hear a good concert reft in the middle by a talk on the wholesale grocer's services to the community was not any too enjoyable. The fans began to protest; "punishment" they called it. They demanded more jazz and less punishment; and the big stations began to swing in that direction. The A. and P. Gypsies no longer carried chain-store service chants. They did their stuff, that was all, hoping that the listener would not forget that the A. and P. Company was providing it. Direct advertising has greatly diminished in the leading stations, and indirect, or what is termed "good will" advertising, has taken its place. The ideal aimed at is a single mention of the advertiser's name at the beginning of the program, and one more mention at the end. It remains, by and large, an ideal. But the small fry still cling loyally and vociferously to the knock-down-and-drag-'em-out tradition. You can still hear any amount of direct advertising by spinning the dials a little, particularly in the morning hours and in the lower wave-lengths.

THE economics of the small station is at once interesting and precarious. Many of them, of course, are operated in connection with some single institution—a society, a church, a school, a labor group—and so not concerned with commercial advertising, but rather maintaining the station in the interest of their own propaganda or message. Other small stations are run by manufacturers or business men with goods to sell. Rather than pay a commercial station, they prefer to roll their own. Other small stations are in the straight commercial class, soliciting clients at so much an hour. These clients tend to be small local business men, who like to feel—or better to hear—that they are getting their money's worth, and the station obliges with Finkelstein's jewelry neatly rolled between two spasms of jazz. Mr. Finkelstein hears, approves, and pays. What more can one ask? But his neighbors are mostly listening to the Eveready Hour, where batteries are only mentioned once.

Mr. Edgar Felix, in his excellent book "Using Radio in Sales Promotion," estimates that in the Chicago area, with its 50 stations, fifty per cent of the potential audience of 1,000,000 will be listening to the three leading stations, leaving an average of 12,000 for each of the 47 minor stations. "Making the proper deduction for persons not listening at the particular moment under consideration, even during the best evening hours, these smaller stations do not ordinarily have more than 2,000 to 3,000 listeners. Under the circumstances, advertisers are not justified in paying toll charges or presenting costly programs through such stations." It has been estimated that 50 stations out of the 700 operating today attract ninety per cent of the radio audience, leaving the other 650 stations to get along with ten per cent.

The patent-medicine brethren, however, use the small stations frequently. The American Medical Association has recently collected an exhibit of their art. It appears that the more audacious quacks, having been denied space on the better magazines and newspapers, have



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turned to radio to right the balance. Here is John R. Brinkley, who operates KFKB in Milford, Kansas, in the interests of his "rejuvenation" operations. Here is WHT broadcasting the virtues of Salicon, a preparation which the Medical Association laboratory found to be essentially a mixture of 3 grains of aspirin and 2 grains of magnesium carbonate. WJAZ was recently expounding the renowned Professor Scholder, who could, it was alleged, grow hair on bald heads; but who could not tell the difference between dyed twine and human hair. Over KTNT of Muscatine, Iowa, comes the story of the "Tangley Institute" with its sure-fire cure for varicose veins. WJBT of Chicago has dilated on the marvels of the magical horse collar, I-on-a-co. The Voice of Labor—WCFL—agitates the air with the learned Dr. Percy Lemon Clark, in whose institute of "Santology" it is taught that "acidosis and toxicosis are the two basic causes of all disease;" and also advocates "Restoro," a base imitation of the only genuine magical horse collar—though either may be said to possess "as much therapeutic value as an empty tomato can with a string tied to it."

THE small stations unquestionably have their place in any final solution to the radio problem. They are capable of serving the local community, as no big standardized station can serve it. But as outlets for patent medicines and dubious direct advertising generally they serve no useful function, particularly when, as is so often now the case, they use phonograph records as the basis for transmitting their music. It is even doubtful if they add anything to the revenue of their advertising clients. Meanwhile they tend to clutter up the air and bring about a condition where, according to Felix, two-thirds of all their effort is wasted, to say nothing of the barrage of heterodyne whistling which their presence necessitates. The air is desperately overcrowded at the present time with 700-odd stations, when not over 300 (according to Mr. Carl Dreher) are all that can comfortably operate without heterodyne interference. Furthermore, the excess of stations forces the purchase of 6 and 8 tube sets where 3 or 4 tubes would be adequate, with fewer interfering stations. The excess cost to the consumer is very considerable. The control of the air is in Government hands, but when an attempt is made to close down a pestiferous local station an appeal is taken to the local Congressman, which often preserves it. An odoriferous pest in northern New Jersey, for instance, is upheld by politicians—who think that by saving the life of the station they can secure some free publicity at election time.

THE big stations are in a different category. They are not prone to inflict nearly as much "punishment" in the way of direct advertising matter, but they hope to pay their operating costs from advertising revenues. The National Broadcasting Company is just beginning to show a slim credit balance after having been in the red for years. Relying on advertisers for profits, and not giving the advertiser very much for his money except general "good will," the big stations have to be doubly careful in not offending any client, in playing consistently safe. This means censorship of any ideas offensive to manufacturers; it means conservatism, middle-of-the-road policies, reluctance to experiment. They have achieved a formula for showmanship which remains highly tentative; which cannot compare with the commercial technique worked out by the movies and the theatre, but from which they do not dare to depart. Morris Markey summarizes the case: "No way has yet been contrived to send either intimate cleverness or a feeling of splendor over the air, and so the broadcasters have fallen back on churchly dignity. This saves them, frequently, from being banal or ridiculous, but it does not save them from being dull." As the radio audience becomes increasingly critical, this formula fails increasingly to satisfy. It is already under strenuous attack. The Coward Comfort Shoe Company promises us thirty minutes with our great American poets. What does it turn out to be? Readings from Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, and James Whitcomb Riley. Our greatest poet is never mentioned; nor anybody who has written since 1870. This is not showmanship; this is what Wells calls cold mutton fat.

The first large advertisers were radio-equipment manufacturers. They had a right to be. The public was their legitimate meat. From one point of view, it is to their interest to pay the whole broadcasting bill of the country. The better the programs, the more sets and accessories they are likely to sell. They do not even need to mention the equipment industry; the process is automatic. But today all sorts of other, and often irrelevant, products are paying for time on the air, while radio manufacturers who operate broadcasting stations are trying to make the stations show an operating profit on their own account. And in the process of doing so they are frequently boring their audiences to death. Some products are fairly well adapted to radio advertising. The Harmonica Boys can toot their own harmonicas; the United States Playing Card Company can broadcast bridge games with experts playing; the Roxy Theatre can provide a sample of its music; Dow Jones can give stock market reports. But just what connection is there between motor cars and symphony orchestras, between a pair of wisecrackers and candy, and what is radio symbolism for collars, tooth paste, and chewing-gum?

THE organization of a large commercial station is something as follows: The station does a certain amount of broadcasting at its own expense, to establish its own good will. Secondly, it sends out programs for advertisers, which the advertiser has himself prepared. Thirdly, it has its own devoted hacks who prepare programs for such advertisers as do not desire to create their own. The station program is called the "sustaining" one, and the advertiser's program—whether created by him or by the station—the "sponsored" one. It is the hope of every commercial station to eliminate the cost of a sustaining program and to have everything sponsored.

The National Broadcasting Company has at the present time 56 sponsor accounts. These 56 advertisers, it is hoped, will meet the $8,000,000 cost of operations for 1928, and show a small profit as well. Besides the revenue from the sponsor, the head station of a chain collects a fee from all the linked substations. But when the Capitol Orchestra or the Roxy Gang goes on the air no money changes hands at all. The station gets its sustaining talent for nothing, and Mr. Roxy gets some free publicity.

An hour's program requires an average of 100 hours of paper work. This means writing out the script for everything everybody is going to say; arranging for artists, rehearsals, special features. Yet for all this diligent paper work, Mr. Felix doubts if one announcer in fifty can pronounce correctly all of the following words: legato, scherzo, allegro, suite, pianist. Mr. Zey Bouck, radio critic of the New York "Sun," hopes, without much confidence, for a program director some day who will know the Intermezzo from the "Jewels of the Madonna" when



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he hears it. He prays for anything to get away from "radio Cook's tours and songs of yesteryear." Meanwhile WEAF has had to prepare a list of banned songs, so surcharged had the air become with them. Among the list are "The Road to Mandalay," Rachmaninoff's "Prelude," and the "Melody in F."

For all their hustling sales departments and their stupendous hook-ups, the big stations have only the haziest idea of where they are going. Rates on the Red Chain are now $4,740 an hour, and on the Blue Chain $3,200—$10,000 when both are used—but they are subject to change without notice. Station owners are still undecided whether to pay politicians for 1928 campaign speeches or to charge politicians for broadcasting their speeches. No advertiser can get a real appraisal of what his radio expenditure is worth. He will be shown maps, charts, letters, and figures, but no sound technique for evaluating the advertising benefit has yet been evolved. Felix says flatly: "There is at this time no established basis for charges, no real analysis of the relative value of stations and audience, and no definite knowledge of the prospective demand for broadcasting facilities."

The potential advertiser will receive from fly-by-night stations publicity matter to this effect: "Our station is located at the radio center of the United States, being equidistant from both east and west coasts and sufficiently close to the Gulf of Mexico to compensate for poorer reception caused by static. . . . Let us assure you that our station has established an extremely enviable reputation throughout the North American Continent, and to Hawaii and Alaska, for consistent strong signal strength and exceptionally perfect modulation." This sounds well, but, as a matter of fact, the station is normally good for but a fifty-mile radius, and only the distance hunters—those who would rather hear a sneeze in Honolulu than a symphony concert in their home town—supply the "enviable reputation."

The difficulties of giving the advertiser value for his money are very serious, quite apart from misrepresentations as to the size of his audience. When he retains stars on the assumption of furnishing only the best, the tendency is for the star to swamp him, and his shoes and sealing wax. He comes off second best in the publicity every time. He cannot very well announce: "The Nestlé Soprano, Galli Curci." Madame would not stand for it. How many people knew the Royal Typewriter Company sponsored the first Tunney-Dempsey prize-fight hook-up, and paid $35,000 for it? The only way the distraught company could get its message through at all was by asking the announcer—with some trepidation—to casually mention the fact that some of the noted sports writers around the ringside were using Royal portables. I followed the fight with the greatest attention, but I was too excited to have this aside register. I never heard it at all, and I doubt if the overwhelming majority of listeners heard it. One-hundred-thousand-dollar programs are said to be just around the corner, but if I were a manufacturer of washing-machines I would think twice about sinking a hundred grand in elevating a prize-fighter, an actor, or a diva. Such secure enough publicity in the normal course of events without having to rely on charity.

The fans do not like to be importuned for letters any more. This makes the collection of the advertiser's sucker lists a far harder task than it used to be. They resent too much talk about the "generosity of the sponsor making this extraordinary program possible." They know well enough that the object is not generosity, but cold dollars and cents. They do not like recipes for mustard dishes in the middle of dance music. The instant the "punishment" makes itself felt, the dial can be twirled and a less annoying station found. They are becoming increasingly shy of prize contests, with their sucker-list implications. In some stations such contests are now tabu. The booklet game, the free-sample game, the retail tie-up game, are not what they used to be.

In brief, the advertiser with his nebulous message of good will is confronted with a stone wall, however much the sales departments of the commercial stations may try and wriggle around the facts. The result is not happy. The public gets a rotten program, the advertiser gets a rotten deal, while the station itself is losing money, or making only a very narrow margin. Worse economics it would be difficult to imagine.

Digging under the hullabaloo of Victory Hours, and Royal Typewriter prize-fights, it appears that the broadcasting industry in America today is in far from a healthy condition. It is trying to live on advertising, and being poisoned by it. The little stations are broadcasting too much soap and fat reducers—which the fans will no longer listen to in paying quantities; the big stations are suffering from paralysis of initiative, and turning out too much dull, unimaginative hack work. The public will no more stand for direct advertising, in the long run, than it will stand for a guest trying to sell insurance over his host's dinner table. Broadcasting programs are guests in private homes—they are not street billboards or subway newspapers. *Broadcasting is not an advertising medium*—on the word of those who, like Mr. Felix, have studied the problem most intensively. At best it can create only a vague good will, and no sound method has as yet been worked out for measuring the sales value of that good will. The Happiness Boys are thoroughly enjoyed, but how much candy do they sell? Nobody knows. Thus, from the straight business point of view, it is questionable how far radio advertising is a good investment.

From the broader social point of view, the case is even more dubious. It is admitted that the good-will feature finds its value mainly when applied to goods where "competition is close and where the demarcation in price and quality between rival products is small"—specifically cigarettes, tooth paste, shaving cream, collars, packaged grocery products, cosmetics. Such advertising tells the consumer nothing, but simply attempts to stamp in a trade name, on the principle that "repetition is reputation," with the object of switching him from the Tweedledum brand to the brand of Tweedledee. This makes for over-competition, waste, and social loss. Yet it is radio's chief asset as an advertising device.

It has been estimated that the total cost of broadcasting good radio programs to the entire country from a reasonable number of stations would not exceed one per cent of the advertising bill of the Nation. For my part, I would like to see the Government take over the job on the English license basis, taxing the set owner for his entertainment. If this is too direct a levy, let the radio-equipment manufacturers, through their trade associations, underwrite the cost, charge it to advertising, and collect it painlessly in their tariffs for sets and accessories. Either proposal would banish indiscriminate advertising from a field where it does not belong, clear the air, abolish untold nonsense resulting from attempts to serve two masters, and conceivably make for more experiment new formulæ in programs, and thus for increased pleasure. Certainly it could make programs no worse.



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# In Touch with the Gods

*By* ADACHI KINNOSUKE

WE left the little mountain town of Kameoka early in the morning. There was nothing in the sky but the summer sunshine; and within the Four Seas there seemed not a single, solitary care.

Katsuji was three years older than I, and he commanded a deal of my parents' confidence. Not mine, however. I liked him in just about the same way, I fancy, as a pup likes another pup a bit older. Confidence had no place in my liking for him. I had a good deal more confidence in myself than I had in Katsuji. I knew that he came from a family of Shinto priests. His grandfather at that very time was the chief priest of the Shrine of Hachiman, near our home castle town of Kameoka. But that fact did not stand between him and me; it didn't make even a casual, passing impression on my mind as far as I recall.

THE distance between Kameoka and Kyoto along the regulation route over the Oino Saka was less than fifteen miles. We wished to stretch it out to at least twenty miles. They would fill up the day comfortably and bring us down along the mountain road near the famous Arashi-yama with the fall of early twilight, that evening.

A little before noon we sat down on a rock beside a bubbling mountain spring and ate our lunch. After more than thirty years, I find myself turning lyrical over the bare thought of that lunch. Countless rice-balls were in it, pickled plums, and a few strips of broiled dried fish; it cost us some 20 sen, which meant all of 10 cents in the absurdly highly appreciated United States currency. No feast ever prepared for the gods could have beaten it, all the same. A great feast, like the kingdom of heaven, is entirely within you.

The Olympian repast over, I knelt on the mossy rim of the crystal pool to drink my fill out of the fount of living waters. Reflected in its placid depth, I saw something which made me stare foolishly—a tremendous swirl of storm clouds marshaling for war. And before I could turn my eyes heavenward the sun, bright as the promise of youth a moment before, was completely blotted out of the sky.

Did that worry us? Worry with our tummies as full and content as they were then? Some things in life are absurd, but that was carrying it too far. I remember to this day, vividly, how we laughed in the face of the gathering storm. Our own predicament was as funny to us as the misfortune of the other fellow. We were quite as incurably happy as all that. The top branches of century-old giants began whistling the immemorial chants to the storm gods. We had never before been out in a great storm in the depth of mountains. The new experience intoxicated us with the new wine of adventure. How hopelessly young we were!

BEFORE midnight of that day we felt a good deal older.

In all sooth, we had seen a deal for one day. Stately pines thirty, fifty feet high, which must have seen the sun and the stars shine and pale over them for a hundred years, broke to the right and left of us like toothpicks. Once a thunderbolt struck within one hundred feet of where we stood; we felt the very mountains shake under our feet. We should have made Kyoto long before nightfall. At midnight, about all we knew was that we were somewhere in the bosom of the Atago Mountain Range. Our rice-balls were all gone. I, for one, felt my stomach crowding itself through the backbone with blind unreasonableness and persistence which were really painful. The storm had no power whatever to make me forget the inner pang, I remember. The thunder-storm went right ahead, swelling bigger and bigger. And I went on feeling myself smaller and smaller. In fact, I never felt myself quite so small as I did then. More—I never had known what a mite of a thing man really was before that.

Just then, as if to put all arguments out of court, came another blue, blinding flash, and we stood deaf and stunned in the roar. As soon as I recovered my breath I said:

"That was a big one." I said this to Katsuji as if I were telling him something important, something new, something he did not have enough brains to understand. Also I put my arm about his shoulder—and this quite as solemnly as the tone of my voice—evidently with equally solemn intention of protecting him from thunderbolts.

The storm raged on, as if reaching out for another and still higher climax. In the confusion, I felt Katsuji jerk himself out of my protecting embrace. Then came another flash of lightning. In its blue light I saw something I have never forgotten all my life.

Katsuji was down on the wet ground, seated, his hands clasped palm against palm, his head bowed over them. He was praying.

A second later I found myself down on my knees.

Why? I never could tell exactly why. But I knew very well what I was doing. My hands and head told the same reverent story as those of Katsuji's. I too was praying. And praying to whom? I was still a nominal Confucianist in those days. Was I praying to the benign shadow of the great Chinese sage? I was not. I was praying to the God of Storm—in the Shinto Pantheon—who was speaking all about us in the voice of that tremendous storm. It was one of the most genuine human moments in all my bootless life. I was at the end of my tether; and I knew it. There was not the remotest touch of pretension about me then. I was stripped naked to my soul. And in that most genuine moment of my life I fell down and prayed to—the Storm God. *"Kurushii tokino Kamidanomi"* (leaning on the gods in the hour of distress), runs an old, old proverb of Nippon, old as human nature. And lost in the Atago Mountains that black night, I achieved a new illustration of the old saying.

THE storm passed quite as suddenly as it came. And with its passing came dawn. Gradually, very slowly, a corner of the sky whitened. A cross between a gasp and a sigh crowded into my throat. That was the first time a paling sky made me catch my breath. Soon we saw the clouds flush and the red rim of the sun push up and out of the vast cotton sea.

We faced it as if we had never seen the sun in all our born days. And we hadn't seen it—like that. We were more than just happy. Our emotion was religious. Tears welled out of my eyes. And with streaming cheeks, we clapped our hands, as all the pious Shintoists



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do, and murmured our adorations of the great sun goddess, Amaterasu—Holy Fount of Life and Light.

There and then I felt an overwhelming conviction that we were standing right at the very cradle of the Shinto cult. I did not need a prophet or priests to tell me why and how our ancestors in those days of the beginning of things fell down and worshiped the heaven-illuminating great goddess. Did we stand in the very presence of God? did we hear his voice that night? One thing is very certain: a thousand learned tomes on physics, astronomy, and physiology can never explain away the ecstasy and exaltation and the entirely spiritual experiences we went through that night in the Atago Mountains. We passed through the magic hour when human souls "yearn toward the gods," in the Homeric phrase. We two boys stood in the birth hour of religions. We had our glimpse of the "Age of the Gods."

IT was Saturday in mid-May, and it was in the Aoyama College in Tokyo. We rushed over the campus, Sasaki, my roommate, and I. As we passed through the main gate of the college, my roommate said, "Two little birdies out of a cage." That he could see two downright born ruffians in the fairy guise of dainty birdies paints in what sort of lyrical moods we were better than anything else.

We were making our way in the general direction of Tamagawa—the River of Jewels. But, after all, we did not go to the river on our Saturday loafing that golden day. We took a sharp, sudden turn into a narrow country lane leading away from the cedar-bordered highway along which we had been traveling. And soon we were at the Yoshida Shrine.

It was an exceedingly modest affair in those days, that shrine dedicated to the deified memory of a great patriot whose brief earthly career was colorful beyond all romance. His name was Yoshida Torajiro, but famous all over the Empire under the name of Yoshida Shoin. The shrine stood behind a screen of trees over the very spot where the young patriot's head had fallen under the executioner's sword—beheaded by the order of the Shogun's Government as a state criminal. And his crime? Young Yoshida wished to sail out of the Island Empire and "measure with his own feet the five great continents." He had boarded the flagship of the famous Commodore Perry's American fleet, then riding at anchor in the Bay of Edo, and begged the American Commodore to take him back to the United States. Commodore Perry would have liked nothing better. But he was then negotiating with the Shogun's Government at Edo City. And he had heard something about the absurd law of the land which called for an instant chopping off of a native's head who dared to try to get out of the country. Of course, the American Commodore did not believe a word of it, but, being a wise man, he played safe. He did not wish to offend the Edo Government by assisting even indirectly one of the Japanese in breaking the law of the land. So he said to Yoshida: "You go back and get the permission of the Government, and I shall be glad to take you along."

"But—but," protested Yoshida, "that means death to me. If you send me back to the shore to-night, the Shogun's officers will catch me, and I shall have to pay for my temerity with my head."

But the Commodore sent the young man ashore. Yoshida was seized and thrown into a jail. But for a few years he was handed over for safe-keeping to the great Lord of the Choshu Clan and held in the castle town of Hagi. And there for a few years he was permitted to gather about him in his two-room cottage a number of young boys of the clan and teach them. And this two-room cottage school was destined to become the most famous school in the Empire.

When in later years the boys from that little cottage school of Yoshida's came to power, they went out to the very spot where their master's head had fallen and placed a shrine over it. And so they deified the spirit of the great patriot.

My roommate's father had died fighting for the Imperial cause in the war of restoration. The same sacred flame that was in the heart of Yoshoin kindled his father's soul also.

I STOOD, head bowed, eyes closed, fully ten feet behind Sasaki as he talked to the deified spirit of Yoshida Shoin. A spell fell upon me as I stood there in front of the shrine. I didn't hear what my roommate was saying, I didn't even see his lips move. My eyes were closed tight. Yet I knew very well that Sasaki was pouring out his soul to the deified shade of Yoshida Shoin. I felt queer—as if I had suddenly sprouted a pair of wings and with them was slowly winging over across the threshold of the spirit world. It seemed to me that I had never felt the presence of a person in the flesh quite as vividly and perfectly as I did the presence of Yoshida Shoin that day. I found myself talking to him. And I suppose I cannot offer a stronger proof.

WE walked away from the shrine—in silence. We walked fully a mile in complete silence. Sasaki was the first to break the silence. "I go there often," he told me. "Every time I get silly and filthy with my little monkey dreams of this world and life—with monkey desires for money and successes. A sort of spiritual bath for me, that Yoshida Shrine. I walk away from it a new man, every time. Success! Why, Yoshida Shoin was the champion failure of his age, and of Nippon, doubtless."

It was true. Like Jesus of Nazareth, Yoshida Shoin died without a yen to his name. He died, not on a cross between two common thieves, but under a public executioner's sword—a fate of a common criminal. And a hundred top-ranking officials and politicians and captains of industries of to-day put together cannot dream of wielding one-half the power and influence that the deified shadow of Yoshida Shoin has wielded for more than half a century over the young men of Nippon. His life a failure? Few sublimated successes of this world have approached the monumental achievement of that failure of Yoshida Shoin.

"ANCESTOR worship" is one of the pet names by which so many of the Occidental writers try to label and define Shintoism.

Yoshida Shoin was not an ancestor of my roommate, Sasaki. And Sasaki, I have pretty good reasons to believe, never did worship the sainted ghosts of any of his ancestors with one-tenth the devotional fervor the deified shadow of Yoshida Shoin inspired in him.

Shintoism is not an ancestor worship. It is the worship of the mighty powers of nature. It is the worship of the great men of the Nippon race. Shinto rituals look upon death as something unclean—as pollution. In Shinto thought and philosophy, death plays quite another rôle. It is the great liberator. It strikes off the shackles and chains of the flesh and frees the soul from all the entangling nets of the finite world. It clothes the human soul with immortality; it translates a mere mortal into an immortal—a mere man into a god.

In Nippon a really great man, therefore, begins his career of influence and usefulness as he steps across the threshold of the Shadow World. The end of life is the beginning of the real life with him.



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# Private Virtue and Public Service

*By* P. W. WILSON

P. W. Wilson is a veteran American correspondent for many English journals. He has served as a Liberal member of the British Parliament. He knows how Britain handles such affairs and is particularly fitted to interpret the effect of the American oil scandal upon Continental minds.

I SHOULD be insincere if I did not state in all friendly frankness that the oil scandal at Washington has aroused surprise and distress among admirers of the United States the wide world over. At a moment when a vast population, both in Europe and Asia, has adopted the forms, at any rate, of democracy, it is assuredly deplorable that the outstanding Republic of the New World, with its education and assertion of lofty principle, should permit a series of gross irregularities to be disclosed without an immediate and salutary punishment of the offenders. In this astounding trail of corruption, amounting to bribery, and of criminal concealment there is no discoverable extenuating circumstance. The perpetrators of the scandal do not appear to have given one thought to the prestige of the United States, her naval security, the honor of her public life, the standard of rectitude to be upheld before her youth, still less, to the grave wrong which they were inflicting on the rank and file of a great and historic party, consisting as it does of honest men and women. Every such consideration of good faith was thrown to the winds as a thing of naught.

At the same time, there is not only an evil to be condemned. There is also a problem to be solved—a problem not especially American but human, a problem not of our own day but of every day.

It is all very well for boys and girls at school to learn and to recite the incomparable address of Lincoln at Gettysburg. But for a country to repeat excellent maxims is not enough. The real basis of British rule in India and Egypt is financial rectitude in the public service. That is true also of the rule, direct and indirect, which the United States exercises in the Philippines, in Panama, in Porto Rico and Haiti. Indeed, the commission in Persia over which Dr. Millspaugh presided was carrying out a similar task. It is thus the more astonishing that the citizenship which has earned so high a reputation abroad for disinterested finance should have failed for the moment to sustain that reputation in its Federal and municipal activities.

YET it is as an optimist that I, for one, have watched this serious drama in the United States. Let us admit that certain Western countries—notably the southern Latins in both hemispheres—have failed at times to combat the chronic tendency of man to put his private interest before the public interest. Still, I do not believe that this country will allow her abuses to be stereotyped, as abuses in China have been stereotyped, into unalterable traditions. What we are seeing is a phase, a passing phase. It is not that a republic has degenerated. A republic has still to be more completely organized.

Take the case of Great Britain. There is no need to suggest that Britons have been generally dishonest. On the contrary, they have enjoyed a high reputation for personal rectitude. But within a period now receding into history bribery and corruption in Britain were rampant. What achieved the Act of Union between England and Scotland, passed in 1707, was a wagon of gold despatched to Edinburgh under the guardianship of a regiment of troops and, one by one, the statesmen of Scotland entered a cellar and sold their votes. In 1800 the Act of Union with Ireland was secured by Pitt in ways not less dishonorable. During Walpole's administration the saying was that every man had his price, and Greville tells us how, a hundred years ago, individual electors at a constituency like Liverpool were included in the political market. As lately as 1871, it was only by using the royal warrant that Gladstone overcame the determination of the peers to continue the purchase of officers' commissions in the army.

What the Britain of the past had to do was to harness her private virtues to the public service, to say to politicians and officials that they must apply the same standard of honor to the state as to dealings with individuals.

At Westminster, as elsewhere, there is lobbying, especially by ladies. But there is a reason why no lobby is needed by the big interests. These interests do not stand on the doorstep of Parliament and pay people to put their case. They come inside. The brewers and the landlords and the ship-owners themselves sit in both houses, and they do not hesitate to speak and vote on legislation which undoubtedly affects their economic affairs. That they influence policy is obviously the fact, and there have been times when Liberals, at any rate, have denounced their advocacy of beer and their eagerness in earlier days to add the common lands of the people by private bill to the estates of the nobility. But, on the whole, Britain considers that property is entitled to be heard in Parliament and that it is best openly to let the propertied classes as such speak for themselves. All that is now urged is that Labor also shall have a similar opportunity.

OVER contracts with the spending departments the House of Commons is exceedingly particular. A member accepting such a contract must vacate his seat and seek re-election.

But it should be added here that the transformation of private firms into companies has created a new situation. A member may not himself receive a contract, but he may hold shares in a company which happens to be a contractor to the Government. His interest in the contract, which would necessitate a re-election to the House if it were a direct interest, is permitted because it is indirect. Indeed, this is inevitable. With the widely diffused ownership of railways and other corporations, no one could be a member of Parliament at all if he were debarred from investing in any enterprise, for instance, that carried mail or supplied stationery for undersecretaries or steel for submarines.

The fact is that honesty in public life depends, not on regulations which can be evaded, but on that nice sense of what is fitting which Cæsar applied both to himself and to Cæsar's wife. It was this delicacy that was offended in the so-called Marconi scandal which involved Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Reading, and the Master of Elibank (now deceased). What these Ministers did and all that they did was to buy and sell certain



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shares in the American Marconi Company. But because the British Marconi Company—a separate organization of capital, registered under a different sovereignty—was negotiating a contract with the Post Office, the investments were held to be unwise, and there arose a storm that shook the Liberal Government to its foundations.

That there were politics in the outcry was obvious. The outcry was the greater because the Ministers omitted at the outset to disclose at once to the House of Commons the dealings which had been called in question. But from first to last, there was no hint that a corrupt act had been committed, and the idea of a Cabinet Minister accepting a handsome personal fortune from a financial patron having contractual relations not only with his Government but with his department would be unthinkable at Westminster.

And for a simple reason. In these days such irregularities cannot be concealed behind back stairs. A Minister is at once served and surrounded by officials, and from his secretaries he can keep no secrets. A strong Civil Service is an absolute and, indeed, the only safeguard against graft.

Today the Civil Service in Britain is so strictly conducted that at the Foreign Office a high official like Mr. Gregory is dismissed, with loss of all emoluments and pensions, because he was guilty of a gamble in French francs, not in any way fraudulent or illegal, in which operations, customary in the money market, not one penny of the public funds, directly or indirectly, was involved. Within a month the case was discovered, investigated, and decided.

THE rules to be applied to a Civil Service are simple. As far as possible, appointment should be by public examination and not by political or other favor; promotion, too, should be awarded according to recognized rules of merit and seniority. But, however a person be appointed, and however he be promoted, he should be assured of two things: first, that if he behaves himself, his position and pension on retirement are as secure as the Bank of England; and, secondly, that if he does not behave himself, that position and pension will be immediately endangered.

In the United States an immense number of persons hold what are considered to be political jobs. The first step in reform, whether Federal or local, is to make those jobs permanent and add a pension. The next step is to make it clear that an impartial Civil Service Commission, acting without delay or demurrer, will oust any man or woman who abuses the public confidence.

In Congress the salary, both for a Senator and a Representative, is $10,000 a year, with a private office, a secretary, and a liberal supply of stationery added. On the whole, Congress has not ignored the importance of its own value. Anyway, a peer in Britain receives no salary and a member of the House of Commons has only in late years received a salary of $2,000 a year.

When we come, however, to other officials, a different story has to be told. A Vice-President and Speaker of the Senate receives $15,000. In a country less expensive than the United States, the Lord Chancellor, also exercising a double function, receives $50,000, with a judical pension of $30,000 added. The Speaker in the House of Representatives is, I take it, paid nothing extra. The Speaker of the House of Commons receives $25,000, with a residence and a pension. Cabinet Ministers at Washington receive $15,000. Most Cabinet Ministers in London receive $25,000. In providing adequately for its responsible statesmen a nation honors itself. An Asquith who has been Prime Minister for eight years ought not to be dependent on the literary efforts, whether of himself or his wife, for the income rightly needed to sustain the dignity of his position.

By similar reasoning, the policy of keeping the Civil Service in a precarious poverty is inimical to efficient administration. With universities and colleges educating half a million students, there is no reason why all the officials in this country to be appointed from this time forth should not be selected strictly by merit, determined in open competition. The material of a complete Civil Service is there, ready to hand.

THE oil scandals affect not only individuals, but party funds. Democracy insists that a nation elect its rulers. But democracy provides no money with which to conduct that election. This money is needed, not in order to buy votes, for votes are too numerous to be bought, but in order to organize and encourage voting. Not only is the expenditure entirely legitimate. It ought to be far larger than it appears to be. The registered cost of an election in Britain is about $4,600,000. For the United States, the corresponding figure, reckoned by population, is $10,000,000, and, if prices be taken into account, it should run to a much larger figure.

In Britain many candidates pay their own expenses or a part of them, but there are central war chests, filled by various devices. The trade unions institute levies on their members. The older parties receive many subscriptions which are wholly disinterested—for in Britain politics are a form of sport, but, as every one knows, there is a sale of honors. Indeed, as that genial cynic, Henry Labouchère, used to say, peerages, baronetcies, and knighthoods ought to be put up to auction like any other work of art.

About the sale of honors there is this to be remembered. It is not so much corruption as a vaccination against corruption. A man who has been a friend of his party is made a knight. He has his reward, and nobody is the worse for it. Mrs. Jones becomes Lady Jones, and there the matter ends.

The corruption that is serious affects not titles but tariffs, not peerages but policy. If an oil magnate is made a marquis, well and good. But if he subscribes for a concession, the community is affected and may suffer serious damage. The trouble at Washington is that the selfish influence cannot be satisfied by the grant of harmless flatteries.

At the moment, the United States is running an election in Nicaragua. Indeed, she has sent the marines to safeguard the ballot-boxes. It is to be assumed, then, that an election should be conducted with a due sense of propriety nearer home.

The need here is, not marines, but money. And a suggestion—even if it be a counsel of perfection—may be advanced. Here is a country where rich men lavish millions on every kind of beneficence—much of it useful, not a little of it merely spectacular. What would help the country this year and what is necessary to the well-being and status of the country is an adequate and clear party fund both for Republicans and for Democrats. That fund could be raised in five minutes by men who would scarcely feel the sacrifice. Let us set it at $20,000,000. If the fund were vested in responsible and disinterested trustees, it could be allocated equally to the two great historic parties, with an allowance, possibly, for third parties if these are to be seriously considered.

The question whether a man belongs to the ins or to the outs is important. But is it really so important as the question whether the ins and the outs are to be placed in a position where they can fight one another fairly, honestly, and with all the weapons, untainted by oil or any other material consideration?



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# Miniatures from the Life

*By* IBBY HALL

## Revolt

IN Poland a schoolboy of fourteen found himself guardian of a secret—a secret too terrible and marvelous to be spoken aloud. He was in love with an actress. The hopelessness of it had little to do with his suffering or his joy. Inexperienced in life, he was not inexperienced in fortitude. This was something that had happened, undreamed of, uninvited; it had suddenly become life, and it had happened to him.

The boy found himself better able to endure this fever than to disguise it. But to his relief and gratitude, those schoolmates who suspected were sympathetic. They said little. If such an experience were known to any one of them, that one understood. It was a teacher, finally, to whom it occurred to uncover this humorous trouble and make it public. All was fair game in love, and what could be more side-splitting than this young pupil enamored of a beautiful actress? For a time the boy, well trained in matters of respect, bore with him. But there is a limit to the patience of youth, and there came a hateful day when the pupil turned and struck his teacher across the face.

The boy was in disgrace. At home, his father was outraged with shame and anger. His anger rose and flooded over his son with his final words: "There is no place for you at home!"

And now the boy was drowned in despair. His love was ruined; he had disgraced his school; his father no longer wanted him. Going to his room, he wrote a letter to the teacher who had laughed at him; he wrote to his father, who had turned from him; and then to the school friends who had stood by him and whom he had disgraced. A short while afterwards the grown people extricated his body from under the wheels of an express train.

But it seems this time they had gone too far—those who run this world with assurance, and laughter, and authority. The children revolted. Through the entire city they rushed out from the schools and colleges. They demolished the furniture of that school which the boy had attended. They left the home of the professor in a state of ruin. They filled the streets with rioting and casualties. In their own ranks they suffered at the hands of the police. But the pitiful grave of the young lover was no sooner covered than they achieved their outstanding triumph. For the father of the boy, although high in official circles, was compelled through fear of his life to leave the city.

## Juliet

LAST month, in this country, a little girl of fourteen recklessly burned all her bridges. Prince Charming was not yet twenty, but had already made a name for himself in the boxing ring. They were desperately in love, so desperately that no difficulty in life looked insurmountable. Her mother wouldn't hear of it. They were forbidden to see each other. The young prize-fighter had learned to play straight, but he had not learned to take defeat. For six long months they had been in love, and now triumphantly he worked out his plan. They would go to an adjoining State, be married, and return to his parents' home. His own parents were different, and would understand. He was young and strong, and headed for success. Soon they would have their own home, but now they would have each other.

These two enthralled young creatures had three days of ecstasy. On the fourth day they were discovered. Armed with legal papers, escorted by three men, one representing a society opposed to such affairs, the other two detectives, the mother of the child-wife bore down on the lovers' retreat. The little bride for once was alone; her husband was on his quest for work. She was young and ignorant in these things, and terrified; but she held her ground, fortified by those invisible armies grown people choose to flout. She would not move—she would not move until her husband should return, and there she took her final stand. She was ordered, she was threatened, she was commanded, and at last these four grown people resorted to force. It was then that the child disclosed her identity with that old tradition of which she was a helpless part. She had concealed poison against this moment, and now she drank it. It seems there are only two paths for these children—love and death.

The young husband returned a few minutes later to his bride, to find the grown people conscientiously engaged in saving her rebellious young life; but he was not allowed to comfort her. He, too, was to be saved. And later, when she had been removed to the Children's Society, under arrest for incorrigibility, he, too, was removed to a cell, to await trial for abduction.

## Tragedy of the Children

IN Germany a young brother and sister were left to guard the house during their parents' visit to another country. They were both a little arrogant with this new independence and responsibility. The girl, only sixteen, had greater cause, for she was tasting for the first time a dangerous excitement. She was contested for by two young suitors, young boys, both eager to take advantage of her parents' absence.

One of these suitors—that one who was more shy—approached the brother, and suggested a companionable evening at home. They could drink and smoke, and talk, the three of them—and have a gay evening. The brother was charmed by the idea. They went home together, where they found his sister in her room. She soon joined them. Perhaps they drank too much. Perhaps the girl, pressed on by an intoxicating secret, grew indiscreet; but, at an hour that was much too late, when these three were much too reckless, her secret was uncovered. The young suitor's rival was found hidden in the girl's bedroom.

Now the wolves were upon them—family honor, outraged love, murderous jealousy. The young suitor thrust a shotgun into the hands of the bewildered brother. "If you would avenge her," he insisted, through his strangling emotions, "you must kill him. I tell you, you must kill him! Or you have no honor for your sister, for your house." The brother took the gun and fired, and as his sister's betrayer fell murdered he turned the gun upon himself and blew his brains out. It was then the suitor's turn. But his one idea was to die quickly. Whether she loved him, or revolted in anguish from what she had done, the girl could suddenly endure no more. She struggled with him for the gun until she had prevented him, but it was only long enough for the arrival of the police.

The grown people are much interested. They say this is a rare case in legal annals, and lawyers from all over the world have come to attend the trial, the nice point being: Is a boy guilty who has incited, but not committed, a murder?



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# Lights Down: A Review of the Stage

TO see the revival of Harry Wagstaff Gribble's "March Hares" one night, and Harry Siegal's "The Behavior of Mrs. Crane" the next, is to realize all over again that it is only the truth about human nature which can be successfully satirized.

Most people, we imagine, would be hard put to it, as they departed from the Little Theater, to tell you what "March Hares" was all about; because in one sense it simply isn't about anything at all. The plot is extremely tenuous, almost cobwebby, and cannot be staked out into any dramatic pattern at all. Yet beneath its entertaining wit, its distinctly "Alice in Wonderland" atmosphere, and its fantastic goings on, there runs a very clear current of truth about human nature, and, particularly, the emotional relationship between the sexes. For, mainly, "March Hares" is about two young people who are rival elocution teachers, who are so potently attracted to each other that they must be engaged, and yet whose antagonism is so strong that they use their engagement to create a battle-ground. Everything else is built upon this emotional structure—all the supremely ridiculous scenes, the burlesque characters, and the really scintillating flash of dialogue. Janet Rodney irritates Geoffrey Wareham beyond endurance, principally because he cannot completely subdue her. Geoffrey Wareham, in turn, drives Janet Rodney to distraction because he attracts her beyond all reason, and does everything except conquer her.

This genuine emotion lies beneath all the madness of "March Hares," so that it can be impossible, fantastic, and, at times, an uproarious farce; and yet emotionally can hold your interest so genuinely that when a truthful, serious situation emerges it is stamped at once with veracity. In fact, the only fault in the play is in the final act where Geoffrey for the second time slaps Janet in the face and she retaliates by slapping him back so terrifically that his feelings are badly hurt—as well as his cheek—and Janet is so overcome with compunction that reconciliation results. To our mind, if Geoffrey had simply choked her while he calmly instructed the butler as to each precise article he wished packed in his honeymoon trunk, we imagine the audience would have been completely satisfied; and no hint of unreality would have intruded on its consciousness.

With this exception, however, "March Hares" is perfectly true, as well as perfectly impossible, extraordinarily well acted, and worth going many miles to see. If you can imagine Shavian wit without any serious philosophy beneath it, and can add the burlesque inherent in the best kind of "Greenwich Village Follies" skit packed into a swiftly running three-act farce comedy, you will have a very good picture of "March Hares."

PEOPLE who think we are imagining something in thus describing a substratum of truth in "March Hares" are hereby invited to go to see the "Behavior of Mrs. Crane," recently opened, with Margaret Lawrence.

Here is admittedly a super-smart comedy with many entertaining moments.

Mrs. Crane's behavior is deliberately assumed by that lady for the purpose of showing to her erring husband the fact that he is in love with a cheap adventuress, who wishes to secure him only for his money. In order to do this, she invites her husband and his inamorata to a sociable conference at which she declares that she is perfectly willing to give up her husband, and grant him a divorce, provided she gets something in return. It is only fair, isn't it, she inquires, since the adventuress gets a husband out of it that they, in turn, provide her with another one? This is an excellent farce situation, and the desperate efforts of the pair to produce likely candidates are highly amusing.

The author, however, does not stop here. Instead, he introduces genuine emotion in the form of a candidate who really falls in love with the wife—a candidate whose affection the wife returns. Instantly all is confusion. Because, seriously speaking, if the wife were genuinely in love with her husband she could scarcely fall in love so easily with a new candidate, and once she does experience this change in emotion it becomes instantly clear that there is not, and presumably never has been, a genuine marriage between herself and her husband. The first situation then falls completely flat. Mrs. Crane has succeeded in showing to her husband that the adventuress wanted him only for his money, but almost in the same breath she has to decide that there is not enough between her husband and herself upon which to rebuild their marriage. So that all her efforts to show up the adventuress appear suddenly as merely the rather unpleasant efforts of an egotistical woman to come off victor in a situation she really cares nothing about.

In brief, the farce itself is not built upon any emotion which remains constant throughout the play. The moment the genuine drama emerges, then the farce falls to the ground and a new play sticks out, to the dissatisfaction of everybody in the theater.

So far as we are concerned, "March Hares" can be as fantastic as any idea ever advanced at the Mad-hatter's Tea Party and still its underlying emotional truth reinforces its wit. But "The Behavior of Mrs. Crane" fails dismally both as drama and as farce, because it isn't built on anything.

FRANCIS R. BELLAMY.



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# Music and Musicians

## A Swan Song and a Potpourri

*By* EUGENE BONNER

AN audience that filled every foot of available space in Mecca Temple was present on the afternoon of April 1 to pay the last respects to the New York Symphony Orchestra on the rather sad occasion of its passing after nearly half a century of service.

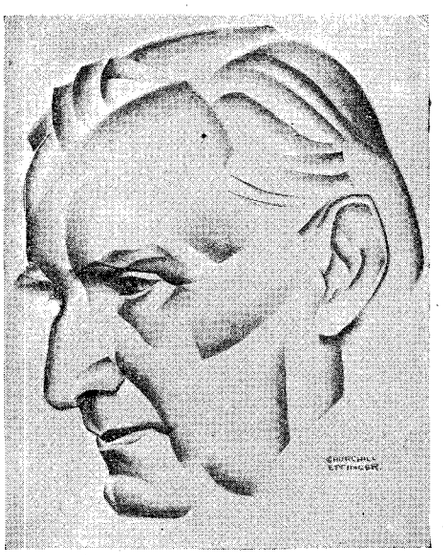
One could have wished that Mr. Walter Damrosch had given us as a parting selection something cheerful, one of the Johann Strauss waltzes that he conducts so delightfully, for instance, instead of the slow movement from Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. We should have preferred to have seen the gallant organization go out of existence with its flags flying instead of passing away with a wail of despair.

Enrique Fernandez Arbos, the distinguished Spanish *chef d'orchestre* who has made such a fine impression during his all too short stay here, directed the major portion of this particular concert, Mr. Damrosch coming in to conduct the final number only, as was right and proper under the circumstances.

The program opened with the Haydn Symphony in G Major, which was followed by the Brahms Concerto in D for Violin, with that incomparable technician Jascha Heifetz as soloist. The Haydn work seemed somewhat long-drawn-out, whereas the Brahms work fared rather the opposite, Mr. Heifetz playing, however, with his usual brilliance and skill.

Mr. Arbos's conducting of the Intermezzo from the "Goyescas" of Granados made that music seem more important than it actually is, while his reading of the Albeniz number, "Navarra," a brilliant, rousing performance, made the audience fairly sit up and take notice. Mr. Arbos then retired after receiving quite an ovation, and Mr. Damrosch, who has been the chief conductor of this orchestra since 1885, took the baton for the final number, as stated above.

The disappearing of the New York Symphony Orchestra as a separate organization and the merging of it with the Philharmonic Society gives rise to reflections none too cheerful. It really does seem unbelievable that the richest city in the world, a city that is now the musical center of the world—that is, if the amount of music heard each year is taken into consideration—should not be able to support two local organizations of the first order. With the disappearance of the New York Symphony as a separate entity we are left with only one local orchestra of the first rank, and that has now been given over into the control of a foreigner—a most distinguished



WALTER DAMROSCH

**Chief Conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra since 1885**

one, it is true, but nevertheless a foreigner—who will decide on the personnel of the organization and, what is far more serious, will have the deciding voice as to the policy to be pursued. It will be most interesting to see just what will be Mr. Toscanini's attitude where the works of American composers are concerned.

AN "International Gala Concert" for the benefit of the Musical Department of the American Academy in Rome and for the National Music League of America, which enlisted the services of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra and a veritable shower-bouquet of distinguished conductors, proved to be, unlike most musical events of its kind, extremely interesting and most enjoyable.

Artur Bodanzky led off with a ripsnorting performance of the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger," one of the best readings we have ever heard him give of this sublime piece of music, even though the *tempi* did rather suggest a "sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep" attitude on the part of this eminent conductor.

Eugene Goossens, representing England, came next with "Brigg Fair," an English rhapsody by Frederick Delius, first given in this country nearly twenty years ago by Walter Damrosch and his New York Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Goossens's handling of this poetic work makes one bewail the fact that he is so seldom given an opportunity here to show us what he really can do.

That exquisite fantasy of the lamented Charles Griffes, "The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan," a symphonic poem suggested by lines from Coleridge's poem "Kubla Khan," was the offering from the American camp. The death of this brilliant young composer, which was brought about by a combination of neglect and overwork, is a sad blot on our musical history and should serve as a warning to the mighty ones who control and direct the destinies of things musical in this country. The work was conducted with understanding and sympathy by Walter Damrosch, who also directed "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune" of Debussy, no French conductor being available to represent his country.

Enrique Fernandez Arbos, of Madrid, then had at us with three full-blooded offerings from Spain: the "Intermezzo" of Granados, the "Danse Rituelle du Feu" of Manuel de Falla, and "Triana," from the "Iberia" suite of Albeniz. Mr. Arbos acquitted himself superbly, conducting these brilliant examples of Spanish music with the fire and rhythmic abandon so necessary to them.

The concert came to an end with Respighi's "Pines of Rome" conducted by Arturo Toscanini, representing, of course, Italy. This composition cannot be said to improve on repeated hearings, but it more than justifies itself for giving this great conductor an almost unparalleled opportunity in its last section ("The Pines of the Appian Way") to demonstrate his towering genius. The gradual and stupendous crescendo achieved by Mr. Toscanini here leaves one well-nigh stunned, gasping, and speechless with admiration.

All the conductors received ovations after their labors, but that accorded to the Italian *maestro*, like Abou-ben-Adhem's name, led all the rest.



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# The Movies

*By* A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

### Florence Vidor in "Doomsday"

SOMETHING or other—we've forgotten just what—is more to be desired than great riches.

The photoplay entitled "Doomsday" represents it as being love (of an extremely pallid nature) in a very dismal farmhouse, with one of the most disagreeable young men a girl could wish to duck.

Florence Vidor is the girl. She lives with her invalid father in a cottage under the lee of a great English country house. The owner of the mansion is an elderly bachelor who keeps a pair of field-glasses trained on the damsel while she goes about her housework.

Several needless subtitles explain that he is thinking of taking a wife, and, sure enough, he hobbles down to Florence's and pops the question. But Miss Vidor has met Gary Cooper, a young farmer, and she isn't sure about her plans.

She's deadly sick of housework, she knows that; so one is not surprised (after seeing Mr. Cooper's menage and hearing his views on what a wife should be) when Miss Vidor ditches him for the senile Midas.

But, although everything in her wedded life turns out just as the old gentleman had promised, she isn't satisfied. She gets a divorce, and the final fade-out catches her in the act of mildly obeying Mr. Cooper's behest to clean his boots.

Here are (roughly) some of the subtitles:

"I have placed some chairs in the living-room."

"You will remain with your husband."

"I shall obtain [or procure, maybe] a divorce."

Miss Vidor's quietly scintillant charm is inextinguishable, even in this impossible film. There are some scenes of pastoral beauty, and there is Gary Cooper. This Lincolnesque young man has come into prominence by reason of the unforgetable bit he contributed to "Wings," but if he has had a good picture since his big chance came we have failed to hear of it.

### "Children of No Importance"

THE Fifty-fifth Street Theatre, in New York, is under the same management as the Fifth Avenue Playhouse.

In one of these houses one may nearly always see a foreign film—often one of exceptional merit.

They also specialize in Charlie Chaplin comedies and usually make a most adroit selection of news-reel subjects.

As we write, the current offering at the Fifty-fifth Street is a German picture dealing with the problems of illegitimate children. It is preceded on the bill by Miss Nan Britton, author of "The President's Daughter," who gives a little talk, and is followed, mercifully, by "Shoulder Arms."

Protracted discussion of the picture would hardly seem desirable, because there isn't anything to discuss. Some of the children act well and the subject in itself is provocative; but it isn't particularly entertaining, and doesn't seem to prove much of anything.

"Shoulder Arms," on the other hand, proves considerably less than nothing, and is still one of the world's swellest pictures.

### "Stand and Deliver"

SOME films and, for that matter, some plays, books, and baseball teams impress one with the idea that they could, and should, have been much better than they are.

Such a film is "Stand and Deliver," which has a story of sufficiently original character and the rather promising elements of conflict, adventure, and romance.

Rod La Rocque is the star. He is supported by Warner Oland and by Lupe Velez, the young lady who bites and kicks Douglas Fairbanks with such single-minded energy in "The Gaucho." The scenes around the eyrie of the Greek bandits are majestic and well photographed.

In spite of these persons and things, "Stand and Deliver" succeeds in being one of the wettest of current wet smacks. Perhaps the trouble is that most of the situations are so incredible that the spectator, who has seen it done better before, begins to lose interest in the plot.

The picture, whatever the trouble may be, is one of those things which, without being actively objectionable, have called down on the industrious little workers of Hollywood a flood of such epithets as "dimwit," "square-head," "skull," and "oof."

And, we are compelled to say, rightly so.

### On Melodrama

THAT a liking for the "curse you, Jack Dalton" school of entertainment presupposes a weak intellect is a major tenet in some circles.

Confess that you're intrigued by melodrama, in whatever guise it may appear, and certain "best minds" will forthwith be thrown into a paroxysm of sniffs. You'll find yourself more and more alone, until finally you seek solace in the companionship of such mental equals as Peaches Browning and George Remus.

This eventuality, if you like *all* melodrama, would be no more than just; nothing can approach bad melodrama when it comes to simon-pure badness.

But good melodrama, apparently, can reach a point where it ceases to be melodrama. It can pack the "brows" in along with the morons, and distinguished commentators will dance in the streets and throw "this old hat" into the air.

This is not to say that such authorities on the drama, articulate or otherwise, will first make sure that it's really melodrama and then roast it; not at all. It is that they demand a much higher standard for this form of dramatic expression than they ask of its variants.

This makes it bad for the movies.

Next to travel subjects, the screen is relatively in a better position to portray melodrama than any other agency; and it seems a pity that when as good a picture as "The Trail of '98" appears, its eye-filling magnitude goes for practically nothing in certain quarters, while its melodramatic shortcomings get an avid panning.

When the movies try to achieve scope—and succeed—they deserve a hand, melodrama or no melodrama.



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# Ivory Apes and Peacocks

*By* W. R. BROOKS

OUR sermon on humidifiers for moistening the air of the home was so well received that we hasten to inform you of a different type which seems to have some value. It is a sort of double metal trough which sits on top of the radiator. Between the two water reservoirs—which you have to fill yourself—is a space bridged over by a wide-meshed wick, which, being soaked with water, moistens the warm air rising through it from the radiator. This isn't very handsome in a drawing-room, but it is inexpensive, and we believe should be effective. Provided, of course, that you can remember to keep it filled with water.

A HANDY little article for a murderer or assassin who does much night work is the Lite-Site Flashlight, which he can attach to his rifle, and thus get an illuminated bead on his victim before pulling the trigger. Some years ago in an Adirondack camp we were much troubled by porcupines who came nightly and devoured large portions of the front porch. We shot at them at a distance of three feet both by moonlight and lantern light, but seldom succeeded in doing anything more serious than irritate them. They'd just grunt exasperatedly and go away, only to come back in half an hour and go on gnawing. If we'd had one of these jiggers, it would have saved us a new front porch and a lot of sleep. If you're planning any light shooting this spring—at cats, for instance—we recommend it. Not that we would use it ourself in that way. We like cats and cat music, and can't see that the latter has anything to lose by comparison with the orchestral effects of some modern composers. But we know that there are people who shoot at cats from bedroom windows, and if they must do it, we'd like to have them shoot straight. What we think of them for doing it is our own business.

NOW as to iron furniture for the garden. There is a table with a plate-glass top and a holder beneath for a pot containing a fern, which we thought nice. The leaves of the fern come up nearly to the table-top, so that you see them through the glass. Then there is some imported French garden furniture —iron tables and side chairs and arm-chairs—which is simple and light in appearance. The chairs have spring seats, and seem a little less uncompromising than the usual iron chairs. Also there are folding metal chairs with seat and back slats of wood, and cross-bars at the bottom to protect the turf.

Fern, ivy, and flower stands are being used more and more both indoors and out. There are all sorts, to hold any number of pots, but, as we're not allowed to draw pictures, you'll have to imagine what they look like. Some of the modernistic ones which hold cacti gardens are very handsome.

And while we're outdoors, have a look at the Henderson bird bath. It is a shallow copper bowl, 16 inches in diameter, set on a shaft which you plant in the ground. The bowl has a four-inch edge in which is a groove for crumbs or bird seed. This should be set up, by the way, in the open, and not too near shrubbery where hungry cats may be ambushed, since birds with wet plumage fly with difficulty.

PROBABLY we'll never own an ocean-going yacht, although if we were paid what we are really worth. . . . However, there isn't enough space left to discuss that. Anyway, we've been looking at pictures of a new yacht—the largest Diesel-engined yacht afloat. She is 294 feet over all, 38 feet 3 inches beam, has a maximum speed of 18 knots, and a cruising radius of 15,000 nautical miles. She has sun-room, living-room, dining-room, library; owner's suites of sitting-room, stateroom, dressing-room, maid's stateroom, and two bathrooms; guest quarters of 7 double staterooms, one single stateroom, 2 dressing-rooms, and 8 bathrooms; servants' quarters of 4 staterooms and 2 bathrooms. Below decks there is little to suggest that you are afloat. The decorations throughout are eighteenth-century French; there is a pipe organ, and a grate for burning coal, and the bedrooms have nothing in common with the conventional yacht stateroom.

The yacht is equipped with two 8-cylinder 1,500 H. P. direct reversible Bessemer Diesel engines, a Sperry gyro-stabilizer, and a Sperry gyro-compass and pilot, which latter we tried to tell you something about after the Motor Boat Show. There is a 32-foot owner's launch, a 26-foot Chris Craft launch, a 26-foot crew's launch, a 28-foot motorized lifeboat, and a 28-foot rowing lifeboat. There is a fathometer—an automatic electrical depth finder which makes use of echoes to determine the depth of water beneath the yacht. Everything — materials, furnishing, equipment—is of the best. The result is the most luxurious floating home you can imagine. Well, we wonder what old Noah would say if he could see it.

JUST for contrast, let us tell you about something that is free. Lord & Taylor has put in a filling station for cigarette lighters, where those whose lighter tanks need replenishing can go and get filled up for nothing. We wonder if the opening of a number of such filling stations wouldn't make practical the sale of a lighter that will hold a quart of essence.



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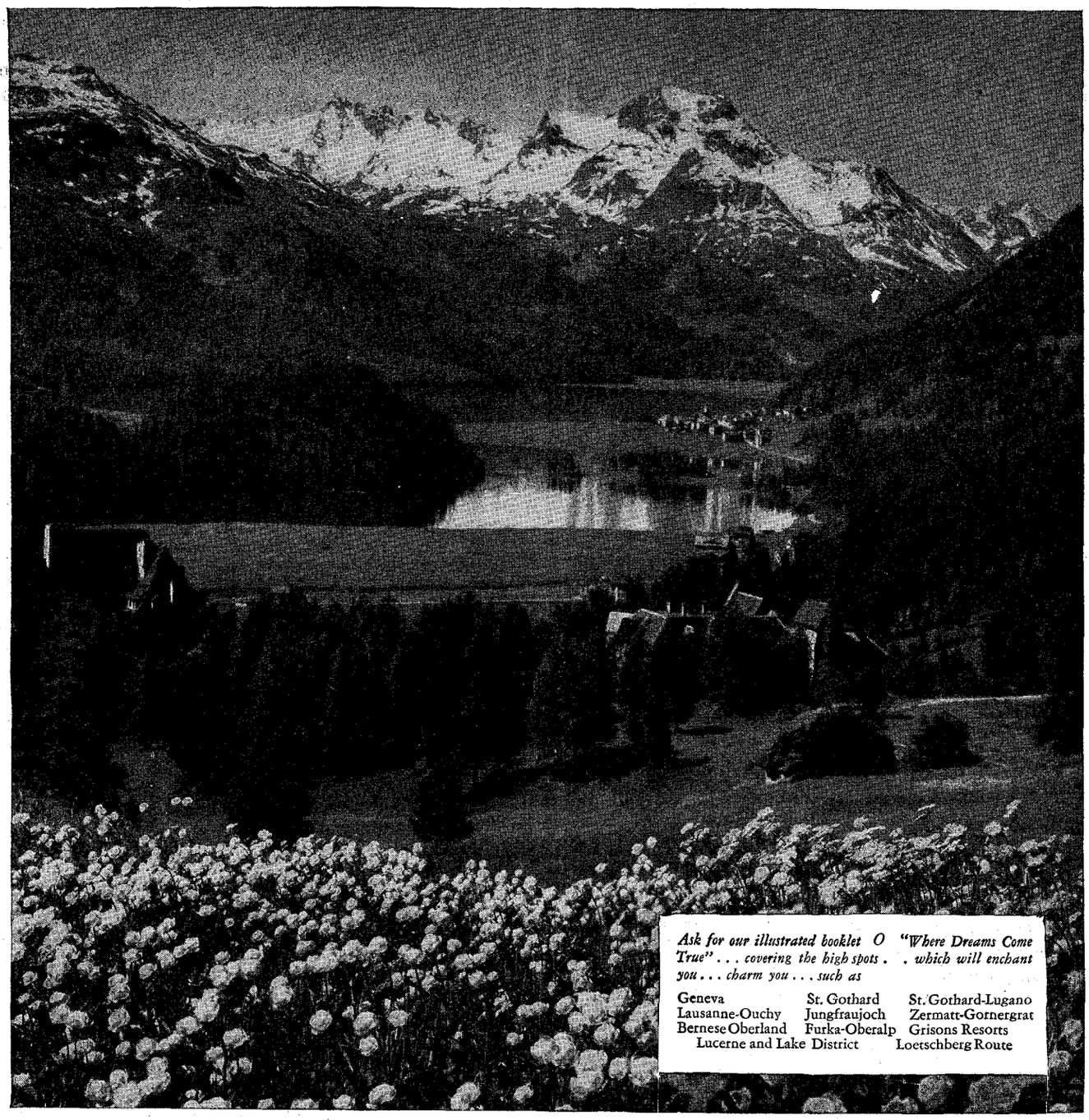
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# Encouragement for the Bondholder

*By* THOMAS H. GAMMACK

THE twentieth century has not been a particularly happy one for bondholders. As Edgar L. Smith has demonstrated with finality in his "Common Stocks as Long Term Investments," the investor who closed his eyes and bought a miscellaneous group of stocks in 1900 is infinitely better off today than the neighbor who put his money into gilt-edged bonds.

Because the dollar's purchasing power has been shrinking, which is another way of saying that commodity prices have been rising, about forty per cent of the value, appraised in terms of food, clothing, rent, etc., of the indebtedness represented by a bond has disappeared in the last thirty years. During the same period bountiful National prosperity has been pouring bigger and bigger dividends into the laps of stockholders.

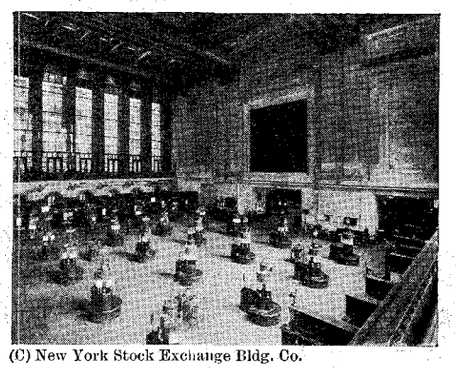
But the bondholder has good reason to believe that the next thirty years will treat him more kindly. Today he draws almost as much in interest as the stockholder does in dividends. The forty representative bonds used in the Dow-Jones averages yielded 4.6 per cent on April 1, while the forty representative stocks yielded only 4.9 per cent.

In the post-war period common stocks have continued to outstrip bonds, but not at any such rate as in the first twenty years of the century. The Dow-Jones average stock price climbed from 83.14 at the beginning of 1919 to 146.43 on the first of this month, while the bond price average went from 86.83 to 97.38.

Bonds rose for two reasons. The purchasing power of their interest mounted and the supply increased less rapidly than the demand. The second cause was, to some extent, a result of the first. It is to the bondholder's interest that these trends should continue, and the probabilities seem to favor him.

The purchasing power of the interest depends entirely on commodity prices. They have been declining fairly steadily since 1919. Taking the 1926 level as 100, they have dropped from 128 to 96 in the last nine years, according to the Bureau of Labor. Among the principal reasons for believing that they will continue downward are the following:

(1) History shows, as Secretary of the Treasury Mellon points out repeatedly, that this is the regular trend for many years after a great war.



(C) New York Stock Exchange Bldg. Co.

**Floor of the New York Stock Exchange**

(2) The potential production of the United States is much larger than present consumptive capacity, and any sizable increase in commodity prices soon would be washed away by a flood of new production.

(3) The outflow of gold, which has been in progress for nearly eight months and which promises to continue for some time to come, will tend to decrease commodity prices.

Actual economic factors are so closely interrelated that it is extremely difficult to isolate them even for purposes of discussion. The reasons above might be grouped differently, but they are all valid. The same can be said of the bases for the bondholder's belief that his securities will appreciate in value because of a decreasing supply and an increasing demand. This is, of course, relatively speaking. Over a period of years, the actual supply and demand both should increase.

Among the conditions that will tend to cut down, relatively, the supply are the following:

(1) The country's large productive equipment, in the form of factories, railroads, machinery, etc., will limit borrowing for the purpose of new construction.

(2) Modern industry and transportation are so efficient that the demand for commercial loans, relatively speaking again, is steadily declining. So-called commercial paper is now decidedly scarce.

(3) It is cheaper to raise money, with the public in its present mood, by selling stock rather than bonds.

(4) The Government, by its policy of debt reduction, is pulling bonds out of the market at the rate of about three-quarters of a billion dollars a year.

(5) European countries, in desperate need of capital a few years ago, are now pretty well on their feet. In 1920 they were begging for loans. Today American bankers, seeking profitable employment for their funds, are begging them to accept loans. Some of these countries —France, for example—are themselves lenders.

Now as to the increasing demand. The first of the conditions which make it likely is familiar. The American people have been educated to the policy of saving. Billboards, magazine advertisements, and leaders in every field of business and industry have preached its virtues. A large proportion of these savings have found their way into bonds. The volume of savings probably will increase even faster than the country's wealth, and so will the volume of bond purchases.

The second is the general faddishness of the public. This extends to investments as well as to parlor games like Mah-Jongg and cross-word puzzles and to heroes like Dewey, Lindbergh, and Gene Tunney.

At present common stocks are the rage. Mr. Smith's book was a powerful influence in stimulating it, and the steady rise of the stock market for the last four years has been an even greater one. In the grip of this craze, investors have undoubtedly lost sight of fundamentals. They have bought shares at prices which yielded them 3 per cent when they could have and, by every investment principle, should have bought bonds which would give them 5 per cent. In most cases, probably, capital appreciation has more than repaid them for the low dividend rate.

The stock market, however, cannot go up persistently forever. Sooner or later it will have a setback, one that will make many present stockholders seek the safety and steadiness that a bond offers. Then, perhaps, bonds will be the fad of the day and stocks will again be considered the dangerous, almost disreputable elements in the securities markets that they were supposed to be in the days of our fathers.



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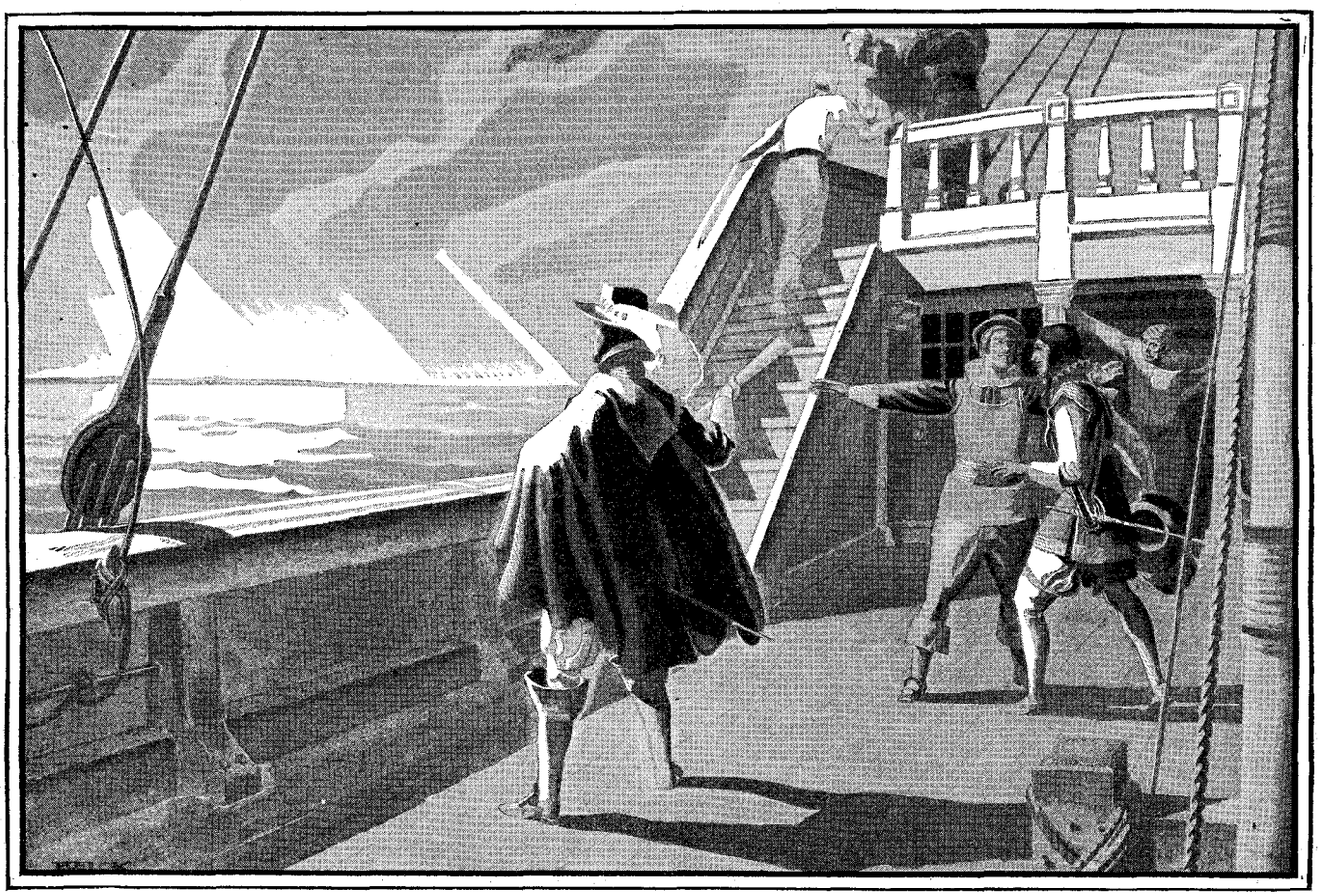

# Widening the Telephone Horizon

*An Advertisement of the*
*American Telephone and Telegraph Company*

IN THE memory of many now living, Alexander Graham Bell made the apparently rash prediction that the day would come when we could talk to other countries, even across wide expanses of water. That was shortly after the historic conversation between Boston and Cambridge, a distance of two miles.

Bell's vision was made a reality when in 1926 New York and London spoke together in two way conversation, and when in 1927 this service was opened to the public between any point in the U. S. A. and Great Britain. Since then, Mexico has been brought into speaking distance; important cities of continental Europe have come within the voice horizon of the United States.

Even more important, the Bell System in the United States now embraces 18,500,000 telephones—a growth for the past year of more than 750,000.

We may now converse with each other from practically any point in this country to any other, and may talk beyond our borders and across the sea. That is measurable progress in widening America's telephone horizon.



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# Tell Me a Story

## Original tales remembered from childhood to tell to children

### Conducted by HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Luxor Price

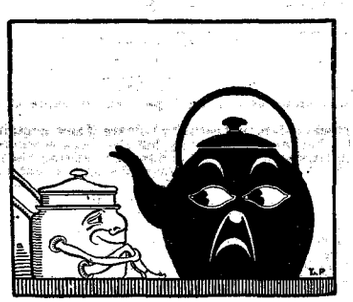
FATHER was a missionary, and the three little girls and their brother used to wait eagerly for his tales of lumber camps and backwoods villages, of first-hand encounters with rabbits and deer and even bears, brought back from long journeys in the Michigan wilds. But meantime, there was Sunday afternoon and dusk and an open fire in the big dining-room-kitchen, with what the baby called the "strise" (some simple surprise of popcorn or taffy or fruit, unrevealed until the story hour), of which to this day Mrs. Hartness's grown-up children, scattered from Florida to the Orient, still speak with longing. And there was busy stay-at-home Mother, weaving stories about the homely things of every day—favorite of all, "The Good Old Black Teakettle."

There really was a good old kettle and an over-zealous maid who wanted to throw it out, much to the distress of the youngsters, especially Little Brother, to whom a horsehair easy-chair was "Old Black Bear," pencils and toys individualities remembered in his evening prayers, and the faithful metal servants of the kitchen closet not to be lightly discarded. Mother rescued the kettle, and then immortalized it in this story, which became a family tradition.

## The Good Old Black Teakettle

As remembered by the children of Marion G. Hartness, an Outlook reader

THE Teakettle was big and black and old. There was a crack in his lid and an ache in his heart, and from handle to spout a busy spider had spun her web. Many a happy year he had worked in that home, but now he had outlived his usefulness and only dozed quietly in the darkest corner of the kitchen closet, dreaming of the past, when he had boiled water for cereal and



coffee, singing "The Song of Steam" merrily and with all his heart. But when he woke he knew he was good for nothing except as a home for spiders.

One bright day the closet door opened. The Teakettle blinked hopefully. But it was only Tillie, the German maid, cleaning the shelves in one of her fits of housekeeping.

"Dot old kettle!" she muttered; "I t'row him out," and, seizing his handle, she set him in a corner near the fireplace, to wait for the ashman. Then she finished her work and went out.

The kitchen was very still. It was Tillie's afternoon off, Mother had gone shopping, and the children were not home from school. The Old Black Teakettle looked sadly at the younger pots and pans on the broad shelf across the room, shining like mirrors from Tillie's polishing. There was the Saucepan family, big, little, and middle-sized; there was Vegetable Strainer and Tea-Strainer; and there was Oatmeal Boiler, a squatty, disagreeable person with a habit of making every one reflected in her sides look far-away and fat and ridiculous. Knowing her sharp tongue, the old Teakettle tried to shrink out of sight in his corner, but it was too late.

"Aha! Rip Van Winkle!" rattled Oatmeal Boiler. "Why are you showing your old black face here? It's the ashman for you—I heard Tillie say so."

"Perhaps," sighed the Teakettle, patiently. The Saucepans blinked at him, sympathetic but silent, for all the kitchen people were a little afraid of Oatmeal Boiler. "Perhaps; but it is hard to believe. I have spent many happy years in this kitchen, boiling water for cereal and coffee, giving first aid in the night for croup, and singing 'The Song of Steam,' day in and day out, merrily, and with all my heart. Surely I shall not be deserted."

"Oh, no!" snickered Oatmeal Boiler. "Oh, no! Let me tell you, old-timer, every kettle has his day. What can you do but dream of the past? While I—just look at me! Each morning I cook the children's breakfast, and all day I am busy making gruel for the baby. They couldn't keep house without me."

The old Teakettle said nothing. He had dozed so long in the dark he had forgotten how to defend himself.

"Look at your lid!" cried Oatmeal Boiler. "Cracked—just like you! Ha ha ha ha ha!" and she cackled horridly.

"Perhaps," said the Old Black Teakettle, timidly, "perhaps when Tinker Tom comes, he can mend my lid." There was a rumble of wheels outside, setting the two strainers to rattling sympathetically.

"But," snorted Oatmeal Boiler, "Tinker Tom can't mend your cracked wits! Ha ha ha ha ha!" and she shook her squatty sides till everything on the shelf rattled.

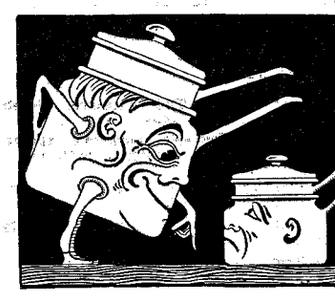
Just then the back door opened and Mother, her arms full of bundles, hurried in, bringing with her a chill wind and a flurry of snowflakes that settled on the Old Black Teakettle. He shivered, for in the road outside he had caught sight of the ashman's wagon. Oatmeal Boiler was right—they were going to throw him away. Nobody wanted an old chap who could only dream of the past.

Mother began unwrapping the biggest bundle. Just then Tillie walked in and picked up the Black Teakettle from the hearth. Through the door he heard the ashman's horse stamping impatiently.

"Tillie," asked Mother, "what are you doing with that old kettle?

"He iss broke," said Tillie. "I t'row him out," and she started towards the door.

"Wait a minute," said Mother, and while the Teakettle hung trembling in





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Tillie's hand she unwrapped the last papers from her bundle and brought out something fat and shining, exactly like Oatmeal Boiler, only twice as big.

"My family has grown so large," said Mother, "that I had to buy a new boiler. The other is much too small now. We'll give it away to that poor family down the road," and taking disagreeable Oatmeal Boiler down, she dropped her on the hearth where the Teakettle had stood and put the new one in her place. How merrily the newcomer beamed from the shelf, sending back joking reflections of everybody!

As Mother took the Old Black Teakettle from Tillie's hand and lifted the lid a big black spider crawled hurriedly from the spout and ran away.

"Tinker Tom can mend that crack when he comes today," said Mother, "This is just what I wanted to hang on the crane in the fireplace. Why, I couldn't give up my good Old Black Teakettle. Every time I look at it I'll dream of the past," and, smiling to herself, she gave the kettle a careful dusting and hung him on a hook over the big logs in the fireplace.

When the children came home from school, Oatmeal Boiler had gone, but over the crackling open fire swung the good Old Black Teakettle singing "The Song of Steam" merrily and with all his heart.

## Our Own Theatre List

(See page 625)

**"Coquette," Maxine Elliott.**—Comedy, tragedy; youth in a small Southern town; Helen Hayes and excellent cast; first choice for tears and humor.

**"The Ivory Door," Charles Hopkins.**—Fantasy; mediæval fairy tale, telling the truth about human nature; Henry Hull and good company; one of the best things in town.

**"Trial of Mary Dugan," National.**—Mystery, murder, melodrama; circumstantial evidence turned inside out before your eye, convincingly acted; you won't move.

**"The Royal Family," Selwyn.**—Comedy; home hubbub of a family of famous theatrical stars; fairly well acted; so funny that it sometimes isn't real enough to be as good as it should be.

**"The Shannons of Broadway," Martin Beck.**—Comedy, melodrama; vaudeville actors running a small-town hotel; James and Lucile Gleason; good hard-boiled sentiment and some music.

**"The Queen's Husband," Playhouse.**—Modern light comedy; royalty in a mythical kingdom; Roland Young; Sherwood's most subtle humor.

**"Marco Millions," Guild Theatre.**—Satirical comedy; O'Neill's beautiful spectacle of Marco Polo's trip to Venice and China; the immature West meeting the wisdom of the East.

**"Strange Interlude," John Golden.**—A psychological novel put upon the stage; a new kind of drama; Tom Powers and Lynne Fontanne in O'Neill's finest.

**"Our Betters," Henry Miller's Theatre.**—Ina Claire in a drawing-room comedy by Somerset Maugham; entertaining, deft, and excellently acted.

**"The Silent House," Morosco.**—Humor and melodrama; impossible, hair-raising, yet extraordinarily amusing.

### Best Musical Shows

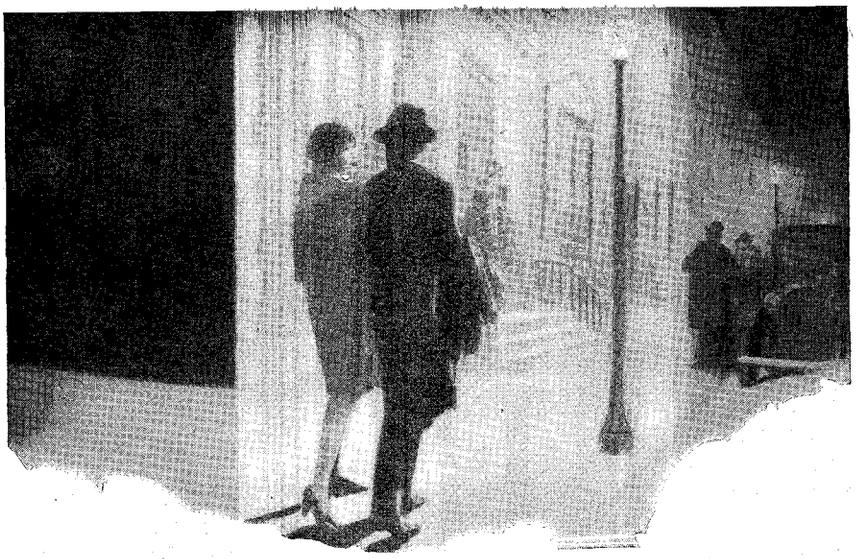
**"Funny Face," Alvin.**—The Astaires, Gershwin music; best on Broadway.

**"Show Boat," Ziegfeld.**—A gorgeous spectacle; romance, emotion, exquisite settings, and music.

**"Manhattan Mary," Apollo.**—Ed Wynn. What more? Well, not much.

**"A Connecticut Yankee," Vanderbilt.**—Good lyrics and music; not much Mark Twain.

**"Rain or Shine," George M. Cohan.**—Joe Cook in the show you mustn't miss.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE OUTLOOK, PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR APRIL 1, 1928.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.—Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Francis R. Bellamy, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE OUTLOOK, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher—Francis R. Bellamy, 120 East 16th St., N. Y. City. Editor—Ernest H. Abbott, 120 East 16th St., N. Y. City. Managing Editor—Francis R. Bellamy, 120 East 16th St., N. Y. City. Business Manager—Francis R. Bellamy, 120 East 16th St., N. Y. City.

2. That the owners are: The Outlook Company, 120 East 16th St., N. Y. City.

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) FRANCIS R. BELLAMY, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of March, 1928.

(Signed) J. LYNN EDDY.

[SEAL] Notary Public, Westchester County; New York County Clerk's No. 124; New York County Register's No. 0-88; Certificate filed in New York County; Commission expires March 30, 1930.




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# Why Is a Best-Seller?

*By* HARRY SALPETER

AS these lines are being written some one somewhere is buying the 100,000th copy of Thornton Wilder's "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." Not because he, or she, is interested in good prose—the 100,000th purchaser of a new book rarely is—but because he, or she, must say something sensible in response to the next person who asks, "And what do *you* think of 'The Bridge of San Luis Rey'?" If Mr. Wilder could encompass the feat of raising from the dead the Franciscan Brother Juniper who strove to discover whether it was through accident, or design, that the osier bridge over the Peruvian gorge collapsed at the moment that a certain quintet of travelers would be precipitated to death thereby—if this Brother Juniper were then put to the task of discovering who, and why, the book in which he is a minor character became a best-seller in the United States of 1927–8, I think he would be sensible enough to demand immediate restoration to his grave.

Being a prophet after the event is one of the things in the practice of which most of us excel. To say that "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" is a best-seller because it is a beautiful story told in beautiful prose, is to hazard being ruled out of court to the echo of rude laughter. Whatever evidence may be marshaled to the contrary, it is firmly fixed in the minds of those who are vocal in these matters that really fine books do not become best-sellers. And it is true that "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" is one of those rare best-sellers against which the voice of depreciation has not once been raised. Its very excellences made those who are supposed to be able to anticipate success distrustful of its sales possibilities. From the publishers, A. & C. Boni, I learn that Carl Van Doren, of the Literary Guild, to whom the book was offered for League subscribers, refused to consider it for fear that it was too beautiful to sell. Henry Seidel Canby is head of the Book-of-the-Month Club, which has more than 60,000 subscribers. He also taught Thornton Wilder English at Yale. Wilder has been out of Yale for less than eight years, being only thirty. Dr. Canby read "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," but discounted his enthusiasm for the book as pleasure in the promising work of one of his students. He feared to consider it for Book-of-the-Month Club subscribers.

Therefore "The Bridge" made its way without the helping hand either of the Literary Guild or of the Book-of-the-Month Club. It was not forced down the throats of a subservient host of subscribers who read what they're told to read. One hundred thousand individuals have been paying $2.50 apiece for an unusually brief novel, to which weight and bulk were lent by such devices as generous margins and chapter divisions, large, well-spaced type, heavy paper and binding. (The assumption among publishers is that readers of fiction want a lot for their money.) What, then, is the explanation? The following have been given, and I dare say the truth lies in a combination from among them and by no means in the simple explanation that "The Bridge" is a good book. Nor is any one so naïve as to believe that the unanimous praise of the reviewers sold "The Bridge." These are some of the explanations which I have heard:

Because William Lyon Phelps in addressing a crowded Town Hall of feminine culture-seekers bespoke the rare qualities of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey."

Because no good novel being then on the market, "The Bridge" served to fill the gap.

Because the title is euphonious and the jacket arresting and provocative.

Because the book is all things to all men—prose for the dilettante, romantic character portraits for the majority. Because the optimist may draw an optimistic conclusion from it and the pessimist a pessimistic conclusion.

Because readers of fiction were becoming tired of realistic novels and were rotten ripe for a book like "The Bridge," whether they knew it or not.

The person who seems least concerned about the discussion is the man who wrote the book. When Alexander Woollcott described "The Bridge" as a novel of "aloof and untruckling beauty," he chose just those adjectives which most neatly describe Thornton Wilder in relation to his writing. When Wilder wrote "The Bridge," he no more truckled for popular favor than he did when he wrote "The Cabala," its predecessor, which, until recently, has not been much more than a success of esteem. When he submitted the manuscript of "The Cabala," he told his publishers that it did not matter if they did not advertise it at all—so long as those who would relish a book like it would find their way to it. He wanted his readers to be a confraternity with him. Now that the readers of "The Bridge" are rather too many to be accommodated within the limits of an intellectual confraternity, Wilder is hard put to it to explain. He has expressed the belief that "The Bridge" is a popular success because, unknown to himself, some bit of sentimental quality crept into the novel.

Thornton Wilder makes his living at the Lawrenceville Academy, where he helps to prepare young men for such universities as Princeton. He teaches French and is master of one of the houses. Dr. Mather Abbott is the head master, and, although Dr. Abbott is not master of Wilder's week-ends, it is not every week-end that the author of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" can tear himself away from the village peace of Lawrenceville and the routine of the Academy to come to New York to be tea-ed, interviewed, fussed over, and to depreciate the value of his autograph by writing his name into more and more copies of "The Cabala" and "The Bridge." On the occasion of his latest visit, he conveyed the impression that it was almost by special dispensation that he had been permitted to leave Lawrenceville, for the mid-term exams were impending. Whatever his mental reservations may have been, Thornton Wilder in no way betrayed the conviction that, as the author of "The Bridge," he was sitting on top of the heap. Having observed smaller successes turn larger heads, the modesty and reticence which Wilder expressed in his bearing seemed worthy of note.

The fact is that Wilder does not fully sense the significance of being the author of a best-seller because he lives for most of the time in the—for New Yorkers—sleepy village of Lawrenceville. Living in the—for New Yorkers—sleepy village of Lawrenceville, he does not hear the noise that New York makes about anything, himself included, except in the muted form in which it is transmitted. When I asked Wilder what he felt about his success, the mild man answered: "I live in such a happy, limited community I am not yet aware of it. Such things as the success of 'The Bridge' simply

(*Please turn to continuation, page 640*)



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# Speaking of Books

## A New Literary Department

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

THE books in greatest demand are usually those most discussed. The following list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by eight book-shops each week. These particular book-shops were chosen because we think that they reflect the tastes of the more representative readers. These shops are as follows:

*New York—Brentano's.*
*Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.*
*Cleveland—Korner & Wood.*
*St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney.*
*Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Co.*
*Houston—Teolin Pillot Company.*
*San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.*
*Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company.*

### Fiction

**"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni.** Those who have not yet read this beautiful and moving study of the working of God's providence, of love, the bridge which joins the living and the dead, have a delight in store. We find it even better on second reading. Reviewed January 4.

**"Wintersmoon," by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran & Co.** You will enjoy this social comedy in Walpole's best vein. Some old names appear, and there is at least one very engaging character. Reviewed March 7.

**"The Greene Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. Charles Scribner's Sons.** That odious society detective, Vance, is at work again, this time on a case too complicated and incredible for our taste. But Van Dine enthusiasts are devouring it and smacking their lips.

**"Debonair," by G. B. Stern. A. A. Knopf.** To be reviewed later.

**"Crusade," by Donn Byrne. Little, Brown & Co.** Irish fighting and love-making in a picturesque setting of the Holy Land where Templars, warring Christian sects, and noble Saracens converge make this poetic romance fine light reading. Reviewed March 28.

### Non-Fiction

**"Skyward," by Commander Richard E. Byrd. G. P. Putnam's Sons.** This stirring narrative of courage, perseverance, and skill intelligently directed to the attainment of great ends is a fine companion book to Lindbergh's "We." Almost every one will enjoy it. To those who are depressed about the fate of the Nordic these books should be heartening. Their authors represent what we like to think of as ideal American youth.

**"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co.** This strangely romantic figure is touched vividly into life by Maurois's hand. You will find this excellent reading. Reviewed February 22.

**"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright.** This, "the first successful attempt of drama to use the double voice," to carry on at once objective action and comment and subjective thought made audible, is a theft by the dramatist of some of the novelist's best thunder. The play is as good to read as to see; perhaps better for students of modern drama. Reviewed by Francis R. Bellamy in "Lights Down," February 22.

**"Trader Horn," by Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. Simon & Schuster.** The romantic story of an ancient adventurer, full of poetry, guileless wisdom, action, and more or less reliable information. Reviewed November 16.

**"Mother India," by Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Co.** The reading of this report of some aspects of Indian society should be followed by fair-minded readers with that of some of the Indian replies to it. Reviewed June 22.

### Poets' Novels

**"Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard," by Elinor Wylie.** A. A. Knopf.

**"Home to Harlem," by Claude McKay.** Harper & Brothers.

**"That Bright Heat," by George O'Neil.** Boni & Liveright.

In "Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard" Elinor Wylie has chosen a subject particularly sympathetic to her turn of mind and to her talents as a prose writer. It is a sad and very moving book. Its leading character is treated with feeling and insight, and all its characters with understanding. Elinor Wylie says that she wept in writing it. Much of it will move the reader, too, to tears. And the prose will delight those who become as exalted by the precise and delicate order of words in sentences and paragraphs as others are by a perfect performance of a Mozart opera.

The story is of the simplest. Mr. Hazard, a minor poet, who has been self-exiled for years, fighting with Byron at Missolonghi, wandering, perhaps with the Shelleys, on Italian coasts, returns to England in the middle years of the nineteenth century, to recapture some flavor of his lost youth. There, in a few summer months, he suffers the pains of a sentimental love for the urbane and elegant Clara and her enchanting daughters. He is kind, melancholy, full of generous gesture and romantic dream, not at all the ruthless Don Juan cast off by a scandalized society whom Clara has been led to expect. He is iridescent mist; and Mr. Hodge, worthy, right-thinking tutor of Clara's sons, comes home and dispels the mist. What a pity! it was so charming, it softened the lines so! But more than a sweet pity for the mist. It was, and now is not. Elinor Wylie has the gift for touching into life such delicate ephemeræ as Mr. Hazard. She endows them with a terrible capacity for suffering. They lend themselves, how easily, to mockery. Their quivering sensibilities are the scorn and butt of hardier souls. When the Hodges of the world are touched by them at all, it is by their physical weakness. "For God's sake, let me pack those heavy books for you," says Hodge—not in those words—when the mist must vanish before his sun of every-day.


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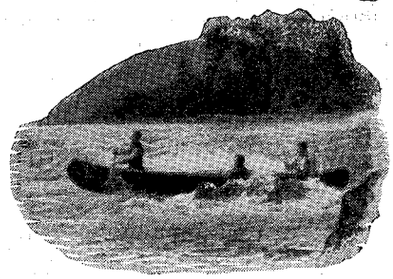
But no one lifts the load from the fainting soul. The stricken deer must go weep. Mr. Hazard's signet ring bears the device of a flying stag; on its back crouches a lion, its teeth embedded in the stag's shoulder.

Elinor Wylie's characterizations are sure, if purely verbal. Clara in the chair shaped like a fluted sea-shell, the girls floating in their blue muslins, Mr. Hodge's stalwart shoulders, the Leigh Hunts, less well done than in "Bleak House," but still vivid—all these make a pageant, lovely but insubstantial. Elinor Wylie's prose takes, physically, directly from Hooker, Burton, *et cetera*. Spiritually, it bears no resemblance to their work. They were, primarily, thinkers; stylists because they used the perfect medium for the expression of their thoughts. Elinor Wylie deals exclusively in feelings. Her work makes no demands on the intellect, tickles it not at all. Her appeal is to the æsthetic senses, to the tenderest of smiles, the most ready of tears.

Elinor Wylie's poetry is fine, her prose charming. Because it is spring, and that flower is still precious and no weed, it is possible to compare her work to the dandelion. Her poetry is that sturdy blossom in its yellow bloom, a blessed spot on a bare lawn, brilliant, springing with life, pungent; her prose, the dandelion in seed, gossamer feathers that delight the eye and vanish on a breath. But supporting both is the strong, pliant stem of her thought; through both runs the life-giving sap, the bitter juice of her irony and her compassion. "Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard" is Elinor Wylie's best novel. In it she takes her shortest step away from lyric poetry.

"Home to Harlem," by Claude McKay, is thick with color and heavy odors. As a picture of the Harlem cabaret Negro, it may be accurate. This reviewer has no means of knowing. As a poet's novel, it is typical enough to have served as a text. Story it has none. Jake, the central figure, as longshoreman or dining-car waiter, moves with one brown wench after another through a succession of days and nights of drinking, crap shooting, dancing to saxophone blues—events various but not varied—and that is all. He and his fellows, with the exception of Ray, West Indian, marooned on the island of his superior education and more delicate feelings, have the quality of a Covarubbias drawing, and for all that they are always sweating in the midst of life, never come alive at all. But setting riots through the book. The poet's fluent prose weaves local color and local smells, local food and drink, into a pattern as marked as a blues tune, and as monotonous.


**When white water roars a challenge**



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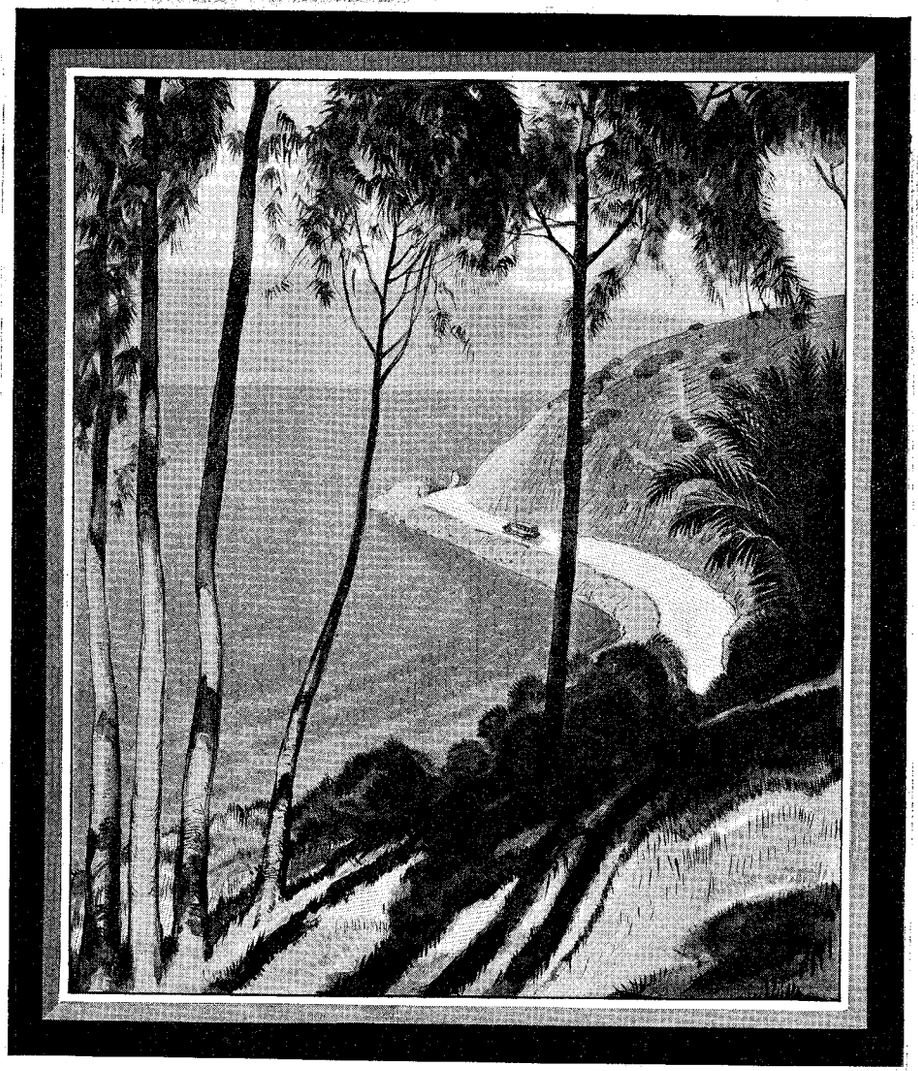
"That Bright Heat" is the story of Clarion Lawless, who grows up in physical beauty and spiritual turbulence in the St. Louis of the eighteen eighties. His mother had died at his birth and his father, embittered by frustration, in Clarion's early boyhood. Clarion wants "that hard unbroken ecstasy which does not exist for any man." His father, with the same desires, had taken refuge in another creature, Clarion's mother, whose death left him face to face with bleakness. Clarion seeks the same refuge, but all too blindly, and loses it through his inability to meet anything actual in life. As a boy, he falls in love with Clover Halliday, a high-hearted girl as impatient as he of social restraints, but with a petulant lack of understanding which contributes to the tragedy toward which the story is obviously pointed. Clarion's passion inevitably kills the thing he loves. He waits to declare and at once to consummate his love in one brief hour before Clover's marriage to another man. Then he gives her up, impetuously, because he has lost the family fortune in a mining venture, engineered, it turns out, by a man whom he has once befriended. Clover does not wait the necessary minute for him to change his mind. She marries, bears Clarion's child, and dies without seeing him. Clarion goes away with an octaroon whom he believes to be a Creole, returns presently to find himself ostracized for this breach of good manners, and kills himself in a burning building. The story is further complicated by the incidental appearances of a third woman, a stagy day-dreamer, who imagines herself to be in love with Clarion, collapses at every point where her dreams touch disillusioning reality, and takes to drink. And there is a brief interpolated melodrama of the ruined and embittered poet whose fraudulent mining scheme hastens Clarion's downfall.

This is all, of course, pure allegory. It is written with passionate sincerity, in a fine prose. But its characters have the quality of figures in an allegory. With the best will in the world and some understanding of Clarion's defects and his compensatory qualities, it is not possible to be moved by his tragedy. As a human being, his claim to interest would be as a psychological study; there, he could be analyzed on the simplest Freudian basis. As a figure in an allegory he symbolizes the revolter against social usage, the man who cannot be satisfied with the outward aspect of things and people, the tragic seeker after spiritual values in a material world—above all, as the man so dazzled by that bright heat which is life as to be blind to that smoky but intermittently flickering hearth-fire which is

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common living. Clarion is the genius without talent. His need was for "creative work," and he had no gift for doing it. When he tried to translate his keenly appreciated impulses and comprehensions into action, he bungled fatally.

George O'Neil fails to make his characters live, but in the character sketch, *per se*, he is extremely successful. The characters which remain static, the people who are caught in a flash and set down as they were at one given moment, are admirable: General Sherman, retired and entertaining visiting celebrities; Mme. Drouet, leader of society; Lil, intellectual prostitute; the colonel, full of anecdote and juleps. And "That Bright Heat" is splendid in its recreation of a lost American scene. It presents a brilliant picture of St. Louis in the eighties, that time and place where empire builders, aristocrats, and social climbers mingled in a society which was the paradise of the sturdy pioneer or the glib opportunist, but the intellectual æsthete's hell. In its physical aspect that scene has indeed vanished. Spiritually, America has not changed so very much.

These three novels are unmistakably the work of poets. E. M. Forster, in a recent book on the novel, described it in substance as a sort of cockpit into which plot and characters are thrown by the author to fight out the question as to which shall rule. The poet become novelist concerns himself chiefly with the construction and embellishment of the cockpit. The poet's heart is in words. And there, too, is his treasure. Words, in his hands, have infinite power. They can beat upon the sandy stretch of an arid life and sweep it into a sea of emotion. They can drop on the stone of a hard heart and wear it away. They can fall on the good ground of latent talent and cause it to spring open into bloom. But they are also the poet-novelist's danger. Ask the reader of a poet's novel what he is reading, and too often he can answer with Hamlet, "Words, words, words."

Another characteristic of the poet-novelist is his tendency to maintain a tense emotional level, permitting himself none of those stretches of sluggish writing which are almost essential to the pure novelist's work. He tends, also, to strike and sustain one note through his book. This is clearly illustrated in the novels under review. Elinor Wylie strikes and holds the tone of ironic pity. George O'Neil repeats that of frustration. Claude McKay hammers with distressing intensity on the note of bestiality.

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(*Continued from page 634*)

haven't reached me." With $40,000 in royalties coming his way and a press book jammed with laudations, such unawareness constitutes an excellent protective device against diversion from his craft.

He is a slight man of medium height, or less. His manner is divided between boyish naïveté, as when he would burst out with an expression of delight at the sensation of being interviewed, and scholarly introspection, as when he was analyzing the literary influences which have helped shape his style. His slight mustache and large tortoise-shell glasses seem to be his chief physical characteristics. He speaks in eager streaks of animated conversation. It is possible that the success of "The Bridge" will take a little more time in penetrating his consciousness, after which his manner will adjust itself to the consciousness of success, and then we shall have a new Wilder. For the present we have a pre-best-seller Wilder. And it is this Wilder who, when asked whether his plans for the future included the surrender of his school post, said:

"Partly because I have a routine I enjoy—and teaching is rightly a man's full day's work—I cannot think of giving up teaching for writing. When one considers the milieu against which the writing career may develop, teaching is as good as any. The New England background from which I come is not friendly to the idea of retiring to the Riviera and writing exclusively. Writing in itself is not a sufficient occupation in a world in which there is so much to do. It is not in the New England conscience to be a writer and not have some valuable daily task. Perhaps I began writing too late to acquire the habit of working, say, from nine to noon. My idea is to write briefly and only intermittently, against the background of a useful job."

From his publishers I learn that he is planning to do something very serious—something that may take him as many as four or five years to complete. He cannot tell them whether it will be an obscure or a simple book, a mystical or a realistic book. To me he said that he would like to do a child's book, and, later in the interview: "I would like to do a picaresque novel, for which the chapter on Uncle Pio is a hasty sketch. I should like to do his boyhood especially—the case of a purely parasitic, conscienceless gifted boy who carves out through endless trials and errors his own odd but convincing rules of right and wrong. The background would be the shady side of all Europe."

Is America, I asked, turning to the introspective novelist? According to Wilder, the rule of the realist is ended. It was from his lips that I heard the most philosophical explanation for the success of "The Bridge," although it was not presented in that light. "Until about ten years ago," said Wilder, "experience was very valuable as a preparation toward the writing of novels. Authors who had been stokers and barhands did bring something valuable to America in the process of discovering itself. But now the notation of objects has been done so well through such men as Sinclair Lewis that from now on the profounder assimilation of a little experience rather than a rapid view of a great deal is the more desirable. Literature, now that America has discovered itself, could spring from solitude and reflection, with less emphasis on observation and more on intuition." He cited the example of Emily Brontë, who, living all her life in a little village back yard, wrote novels that suggest experience of a universal order. From Sinclair Lewis to Thornton Wilder!

## The Movies

(*See page 627*)

**"The Battles of Coronel and Falkland Islands."**—A British film; well worth your while.
**"Beau Sabreur."**—Pepless desert drama.
**"The Big City."**—Lon Chaney in a flat picture. Maybe some one stepped on it.
**"Chicago."**—See what the movies can do when they try.
**"The Circus."**—Charlie Chaplin's newest, and one of his best.
**"The Count of Ten."**—James Gleason and Charles Ray in a good ring drama.
**"The Crowd."**—King Vidor is a great director. The story is slim and depressing.
**"Czar Ivan the Terrible."**—Hectic, but interesting Russian-made film.
**"The Divine Woman."**—Greta Garbo has a tough time with this one.
**"Dressed to Kill."**—Excellent crook melodrama.
**"Drums of Love."**—A big eyeful from D. W. Griffith.
**"Finders Keepers."**—Laura La Plante, and some hard-pressed humor.
**"Four Sons."**—Beauty, skill, tears, and hokum.
**"The Gaucho."**—Douglas Fairbanks.
**"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."**—Plenty of chuckles for the business man.
**"A Girl in Every Port."**—A pretty feeble vehicle for the large Victor McLaglen.
**"The Jazz Singer."**—Al Jolson + Vitaphone = Price of Admission.
**"The Last Command."**—Emil Jannings in a picture worthy of him.
**"The Last Moment."**—Interesting photographic tricks, if you like them.
**"The Latest from Paris."**—Something pleasantly innocuous, with Norma Shearer.
**"The Legion of the Condemned."**—After "Wings." A long way after.
**"Love Me and the World is Mine."**—For insomniacs and very young cash-girls.
**"Mother Machree."**—For the Irish vote. Very nice.
**"The Noose."**—A pretty fair Richard Barthelmess picture.
**"Red Hair."**—Clara Bow and Elinor Glyn. Decide as you see fit.
**"Rose Marie."**—Run! Here's the Mounted Police again.
**"Sadie Thompson."**—Gloria Swanson and Lionel Barrymore trying not to play "Rain."
**"The Secret Hour."**—"They Knew What They Wanted" dolled up for the screen with Pola Negri and Jean Hersholt. Good.
**"The Showdown."**—Tropical mix-up, and how.
**"Simba."**—See it—you'll thank us.
**"The Smart Set."**—You'll die outside, seeking air.
**"Soft Living."**—A nice enough little drama, with Madge Bellamy.
**"The Student Prince."**—A Lubitsch production. Don't miss it.
**"Sunrise."**—The best picture on any screen today.
**"Tenderloin."**—The talking picture. They'll have to do better.
**"That's My Daddy."**—Reginald Denny in a pleasant farce.
**"The Trail of '98."**—Big Alaskan melodrama, with some grand scenes.
**"Two Lovers."**—Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky in a romantic picture of the sixteenth century.
**"We Americans."**—Melting-pot drama with good spots.
**"Wings."**—A war picture with a big wallop.



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